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THE PROGRESS OF THE REFORM BILL.

AT half-past six o'clock on Tuesday afternoon the preamble of the Reform Bill was agreed to, and the measure was reported amidst loud and general cheering from both sides of the House. The labours of the Committee were brought to a conclusion somewhat earlier than had been anticipated; and certainly much sooner than would have been the case had the various amendments on the paper received the consideration to which some of them were entitled. But under the circumstances we can hardly wonder at the sort of legislative stampede which actually took place. Members of the House of Commons are but men; and even the details of a Reform Bill, however interesting in May, become tedious in July. There was, indeed, with a large portion of the House, another and perhaps a better reason for desisting from the attempt to introduce into the Government measure further modifications than it has already received. As a Bill for the extension of the franchise it has, through the persistent pressure of Mr. Gladstone, and of that section of the Liberal party which has remained faithful to his leadership, become almost all that could be desired; but, on the other hand, its defects in reference to the redistribution of seats are of so extensive and vital a character, that it is impossible for it to be regarded as even a temporary settlement of this part of the Reform question. If Mr. Laing's complete scheme, coupled with the disfranchisement of all boroughs having a population under 5,000, had been accepted by the Government, or had been forced upon them by the Committee, there would have been reason to hope that the present generation, at any rate, would rest content with the constitution of the House of Commons. But that hope having been destroyed by the persistent refusal of the House to listen to any proposals for disfranchising the smallest and most insignificant boroughs, and transferring their members to more important places either inadequately represented or not represented at all, it became obviously inadvisable to jeopardize the passing of the Bill by insisting on amendments of trivial importance. These may safely be left to find their place in that further Reform Bill which the first Parliament elected by household suffrage is tolerably certain to pass. By the present measure the country will obtain the power to effect, without violent agitation, the further changes which are desirable or necessary; and this is, perhaps, as much as we can expect to attain in a single session. Progress in England is generally slow and tentative; and whatever dissatisfaction we may feel at the feeble manner in which the House of Commons has dealt with the redistribution of seats, we cannot honestly say that it is in this respect behind the country. Attention has hitherto been directed almost exclusively to the franchise. Public opinion in reference to the distribution of seats is not sufficiently mature to influence the House of Commons; and as that body is at present composed, it would be too much to expect that it should voluntarily effect changes which are supremely distasteful to a large proportion of its members.

The Government, and especially Mr. Disraeli, may in one sense be congratulated upon having now secured the passing of this measure. They have safely piloted it through the Parliamentary shoals and quicksands which threatened it with shipwreck; and in doing this they have preserved their own Ministerial existence. But although we are quite willing to

award to the Chancellor of the Exchequer all the credit which his friends claim for him on the score of adroitness and tactical skill, we must decline to give him the further credit due to wise and liberal statesmanship. Sir Rainald Knightley at the close of the discussion in Committee recommended that the Bill as it was first introduced should be reprinted in parallel columns with the Bill as it now stands. The idea was an excellent one; and although the House did not carry it out, we can readily make for ourselves the comparison which it suggests. When the Bill entered the Committee it contained the dual vote; it drew a line of distinction between voters above and those below £10, by making the term of residence required for the former two years, and that for the latter one year; it did not embrace the lodger franchise, but it did contain a number of fancy franchises; and although it certainly conferred household suffrage in boroughs, it did so in a manner which would have effectually excluded the great bulk of the labouring classes in our large towns from the register. It was a Bill not merely calculated, but, as we believe, intended to keep the word of promise to the ear, and break it to the hope. Under the pretence of being a large measure of enfranchisement for working men, it was, in fact, little more than one for a lateral extension of the franchise amongst the middle classes. If every so-called "security" has been struck out in Committee; if new provisions of the greatest importance have been added, and restrictions of the greatest stringency have been removed; if, in a word, the Bill has been made what it professes to be, all this has been done in direct violation of the original principle of the measure—so far as it ever had a principle. It is hardly too much to say that the Bill, as it now stands, is almost as completely the work of the House of Commons as it would have been if Mr. Disraeli had contented himself with the introduction of a sheet of blank paper, and had left that assembly to fill in the clauses as it pleased. Nor is it necessary to do more than to trace the uniform tendency of the amendments to which it has been subjected, in order to see what section of the House is fairly entitled to the credit of having originated or enforced them. Assuredly we do not owe the conversion of an illusion into a reality, of a Conservative into a Radical Reform Bill, to those who, in whatever part of the House they may sit, were either the open enemies or the timid and hesitating friends of an extension of the franchise. If Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright failed to carry the most important propositions which they made to the House, they were only defeated by their antagonists giving up in the end more than they asked in the beginning. Although General Lee defeated General Grant in every separate engagement during the last advance of the Federals upon Richmond, the retreat of the apparent victor was none the less compelled by his seemingly vanquished antagonist. The only sense in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer is the author of the Reform Bill is this, that he has succeeded by dint of judicious management in inducing the Conservatives to accept from a Liberal Opposition changes far more extensive than those which they stoutly opposed when proposed by a Liberal Government; that he has extorted from them in detail, sacrifices from which they would have stood aghast, had they been asked to make them in a lump; and that he has seduced them into passing a measure for the advantage of the country under the agreeable delusion that it

may possibly subserve their own party interests. We do not deny the utility of this achievement, for it has saved us from a prolonged and possibly a dangerous agitation; but it by no means follows that it reflects any particular honour upon the politician by whom it has been effected. Although the Members of the House of Commons may choose to treat Mr. Disraeli as the author of the Reform Act of 1867, the country will be more just, and the working classes will certainly associate other names with the great measure of justice to which they owe their admission within the pale of the Constitution.

It is not necessary to dwell at any length upon the discussions which occupied the time of the Committee during the last few days of its labours. The debate upon the cumulative vote was full of interest to those who take a delight in political speculations; but it cannot be said to have possessed any practical importance. Whatever may be its theoretical advantages, the artificial representation of minorities is so completely opposed to our national habits and modes of thought, that some great change must come over the character of the English people before it has any chance of being adopted. The natural representation of minorities is now provided for by the varied character of our constituencies; nor do we see any reason to anticipate that all shades of political opinion will be less fully reflected in the reformed than they are in the existing Parliament. If it should turn out that this is the case, we may then be driven to try Mr. Hare's or some other scheme of personal representation. But we confess our inability to conceive any circumstances in which it would be desirable to resort to cumulative voting. So long as we adhere to the representation of localities, it could only be applied with any appearance of justice to three-cornered constituencies; and in that case its effect must be far too small to compensate for the disadvantage of establishing an exceptional rule as to voting, in a very small limited class of boroughs. If, on the other hand, it were applied to places returning two members, it is plain, as Mr. Bright observed, that it would be far simpler at once to pass an Act declaring that each of the towns should return a Liberal and a Conservative member. The real power of determining the feeling of the country would then be vested in the small constituencies returning only one member; the large towns would be practically unrepresented; and although election contests would no doubt be prevented, this result would be attained at the expense of the destruction of all political life in places where each side would be certain of one member and could never hope to return both. We need not, however, linger over a scheme which has not the slightest inherent vitality. Mr. Disraeli was far more successful in exposing its defects than he was in defending the Government plan of redistribution, against the criticisms to which Mr. Gladstone subjected it in connection with his motion for conferring a couple of additional members upon South Lancashire. Although it may be necessary, and we may all be ready to show some tolerance for old anomalies, that is no reason for introducing new ones in the distribution of seats which are absolutely at the disposal of the Legislature. Admitting that the counties are entitled to twenty-five additional members, it is only fair that in allotting them due regard should be paid to population. But this principle is not merely lost sight of, it is flagrantly violated, when the representation of certain counties is augmented in such a manner as to give them one member for every 50,000 or 60,000 of population, while at the same time South Lancashire is only allowed one member for 152,000 inhabitants. However, the committee was in far too great a hurry to pay any attention to this inequality; and although Colonel Gilpin succeeded in obtaining a debate upon his proposition to take four members from the four small boroughs in order to confer them upon Barnsley, Luton, Keighley, and St. Helens, the influence of the Government was successfully exerted in his defeat. By thus insisting upon withholding representation from four large and rising towns, in order to preserve to four small if not decaying towns an undue share of political influence, Mr. Disraeli threw away the last chance of accommodating his redistribution scheme to the most urgent needs of the present day, and deliberately strengthened the motives and the reasons for an immediate agitation of this branch of the Reform question. It is probable that in taking this course he was acting in obedience to party considerations of an imperative kind; but that does not render the step itself less shortsighted and foolish. When we have added that a clause introduced by Mr. Locke has solved, apparently in a satisfactory manner, the difficulties connected with the demand or non-demand of rates, we shall have noticed all that we need mention of the latest labours of the Committee. After that came a wild rush; a resolute suppression of everybody and everything that threatened to excite discussion; the adoption

of the Government schedules *en masse*, without discussion or examination; and, in a word, the sacrifice of every other consideration to the one great object of reporting the Bill to the House at the earliest possible moment. The spectacle was not very edifying; but it is satisfactory to believe that no real harm was done.

THE FUTURE OF MEXICO.

THE execution of Maximilian was a serious blunder on the part of the Mexican Liberalists. The unfortunate ex-Emperor was no longer to be dreaded. He and his party had given up even the show of resistance, and only endeavoured to postpone their inevitable fall through the hope of obtaining easier terms of capitulation. So soon as the order had gone forth for the return of the French troops, Maximilian was practically harmless; the enemies of the Republic then most to be feared being Miramon, Marquez, and those leading politicians of the Church party who, since 1848, have torn Mexico asunder by their dissensions and bloodthirsty reprisals. Had Maximilian been allowed to leave the country, and carry back to Europe the story of his misfortunes and baffled hopes, the unlucky effort to found a Mexican empire would soon have been dismissed from the public mind and would certainly never have been recalled by those potentates whose own share in the project is no very grateful subject for reflection. Now, the sudden indignation which seems to possess all Europe—an indignation which would be very beautiful but for the unconscionable amount of forgetfulness, unfairness, and ignorance which accompanies it—may have a prejudicial effect on the fortunes of the only Mexican Government which the Mexican people are willing to recognise. We do not apprehend that the hectic appeals of the *Moniteur* and the incontinent screeching of certain English Tory journals will lead to an effort on the part of European monarchs to chastise the Juarists for their summary and unwise act of retribution. Governments, after all, are blessed with a little memory and a little modesty. Besides, we in England nowadays never chastise: we admonish. When a notorious piece of injustice or disturbance occurs, we confine ourselves to the duty of reading the Riot Act, and allow somebody else to apply the terrors of the law. It is to be feared that the graceful little moral essays which we from time to time address to the unruly children of Europe are rather disregarded; but then we have done our duty and obtained credit for the possession of high principles. To scold the Juarists, therefore, comes natural to us; and we are ably seconded, in this instance, by France and Austria, both of which countries have particular cause to be angry. Austria is robbed of one of her best-beloved princes; France wishes to conceal her own share in the catastrophe by drawing the eyes of Europe towards the heinous nature of Juárez's crime. We cannot help remarking, however, that we should have better admired the moral indignation which has been aroused by this event had it been somewhat less a respecter of persons. We do not hear so much horror expressed at the idea of a political execution as at the thought that the brother of an Emperor should so have suffered. Had Maximilian executed Juárez, there would have been less sympathy exhibited by those persons whose acquaintance with history does not reach to a knowledge of the antecedents of the European Powers which are now most vociferously irate. Let Austria, before she accuses the Mexicans of being a race of savages, wipe out the recollection of those gibbets which, after the capitulation of Komorn, hung out their ghastly trophies in the Hungarian capital. Let France, before she denounces the deed as an unheard-of outrage, look at almost any page of her own blood-stained annals. Let England remember that the very man whose untimely fate she deplores, did himself publish one of the most infamous decrees which even guerilla warfare has called forth, by which any person belonging to the Juarist army, or who had sold provisions, horses, or arms to the army, was to be tried and executed within twenty-four hours, and that, among others, two Mexican generals were thus taken and shot. We do not at all seek to justify the execution of the unhappy prince who was made the scapegoat of Louis Napoleon's mistake. We should rejoice to see the punishment of death, for any political offence, abolished by the universal consent of all civilized nations. But while it is not abolished—while no one European nation can proclaim itself guiltless of this crime—while even in England a month has scarcely passed over since we were on the verge of perpetrating this barbaric reprisal upon the prisoner Burke, it does not behove us to inveigh with exaggerated emphasis against the Mexicans for committing an outrage which is so far justified by the code and example of Europe. Moral indignation is a fine sentiment;

but it should be guided by some little regard for reason and consistency.

The immediate effect of this political mistake upon the fortunes of the Juarists may not be very alarming. The Government of the United States was moved to interfere on behalf of the late Emperor, chiefly by the solicitations of Austria; and now has plenty of her own affairs on hand with which to employ herself. Definite action on the part of any European Power, as we have said, cannot be anticipated; and we should not be surprised if the hitherto recusant Mexicans, themselves appalled by this climax of a long contest, should unite and acknowledge the presidency of Juarez. Already his adherents form a majority of the nation; while, personally, he is better fitted to assume the reins of government than any one of the wild adventurers who have preceded him. It is now nine years since he was elected President, and during that time he has shown himself to be a man of wisdom, of moderation, and of a humane disposition. Judging by all we have hitherto heard of him, there can be no doubt of the truth of the statement that he was at one time personally disposed to be lenient towards his vanquished enemy; and it is highly probable that the death of Maximilian, which now rests as a deep stain on his name, may hereafter be shown to have been due to the demands of his confederates, or to some political exigency with which we are as yet unacquainted. He is the first ruler of Mexico who has striven to govern upon equable and constitutional laws. The party which he overthrew was little else than a band of self-constituted robbers; and so gross were the outrages which were constantly being perpetrated by Miramon, Marquez, and their associates, that even the long-suffering English had to send a fleet to the Mexican shores. One of the most signal acts of the British admiral was his insisting upon the banishment of this very Miramon, who only returned from Spain under the sheltering wing of Maximilian, which was also thrown out to protect Marquez and several others of that old co-partnership in robbery and bloodshed. We cannot wonder at the intense indignation of the Mexicans upon hearing of this undertaking, nor at the stubborn resistance they made to their old enemies, though these were now backed by the authority and arms of France. It were well had the success of their efforts at independence been left unblemished, or that their vengeance had fallen upon such men as Mejia, Marquez, Santa Anna, or Miramon, rather than upon the Austrian Archduke.

The written abdication, signed by Maximilian, in favour of young Iturbide, which Marquez has just published, is no doubt spurious. It is one of the last moves of a desperate party. Upon intelligence of the fall of Queretaro reaching Marquez, we are told he arrested thirty of the most noted Liberals in the capital as hostages for Maximilian's life, and that now he has begun to execute them, two of them having already been shot. What should we have said of Louis XIV. if, while Charles I. was being tried, he had arrested thirty of the English residents in Paris, and thereafter began to execute them in revenge for the death of his brother monarch? Yet this monstrous atrocity has just been committed by one of Maximilian's generals, one of that band of rulers which Louis Napoleon endeavoured to thrust upon the Mexicans. We sincerely hope that the career of this party—which used, singularly enough, to be called the Church party—has been played out. Their device of carrying on the struggle in the cause of young Iturbide is too transparent to have much effect upon their former adherents. The forged abdication decrees the regency of the Empress Charlotte; but as that unhappy lady is insane, the power would rest, as the scheme is meant to let it rest, with Marquez and his associates. Fortunately such a proposition can meet with but little favour from the Mexican people, who must, by this time, be heartily sick of the civil war which has wrought such devastation in their country. Their forty-six years of independence has been a period of almost constant turmoil. Their families have been decimated, and their national resources impoverished by the ceaseless struggles between men whose only aim was that of personal aggrandisement. In Benito Juarez, Mexico recognises one whose actions have ever been guided by a regard for the public welfare, and whose efforts after constitutional freedom have won him the sympathies of all true Liberals at home and abroad. At the present moment Mexican affairs begin to take a brighter aspect, notwithstanding the depressing results of the long contest with the Imperialists. Her people must now be anxious for peace. Her greatest enemies are almost helpless. She has a president whose personal ambition has always been rendered subservient to her interests. The consolidation and growing power of the United States are a further guarantee that a renewal of the effort to plant an empire on the soil of America will not be tolerated. If Juarez can succeed in

securing the friendship and assistance of the States, and in totally depriving his old enemies of any power to renew disturbances, we shall, in all human probability, witness within the next few years the growth of a young and vigorous republic in a country which hitherto has been given over to all the evils of a hopeless and wide-spread anarchy.

CONVOCATION AND THE RITUAL COMMISSION.

LORD SHAFTESBURY is determined to bring to a speedy issue the conflict in the Church of England between those who claim for its clergy a Divine right to define dogmas and to prescribe ritual, and those who, taking a directly opposite view, maintain that these matters were settled once for all at the time of the Reformation; and that the higher sacramental hue which has been given to its teaching of late years, and the imposing ceremonial which has been added to its simple rites, have been a departure from the principles of the Church and a back-sliding into the teaching and the practices which the Reformers renounced. It is well that the championship of that Church of England which the Reformation fashioned forth, and to which Parliament gave political being and authority, has fallen to a statesman who, more than any one else in England, priest or layman, possesses, and, upon the whole, merits, the confidence of the Protestant portion of the community. For never was there a time when the Established Church stood in greater need of strong defenders. Catholicism, Dissent, Scepticism, Rationalism, beset her from without; Ritualism is swiftly sapping her foundations from within. To temporize with such a state of things is to invite ruin. The only possibility of safety lies in prompt and vigorous treatment. It is a case for the knife. The unwholesome limb must be cut off, or it will infect the entire body. Time is all the Ritualists ask. "Give us two years," said one of their organs lately, "and we will revolutionize the Church. We will put ourselves beyond the reach of all legal enactments whatsoever." This is no empty boast upon their part. They measure the future by the past. If, in spite of the general outcry against them, they are able to reckon two thousand churches in which at this moment Ritualism more or less prevails, they have good reason to hope that in time, and before very long, it will be difficult, if the question is to be decided by a poll, to say whether the Church is Protestant or Puseyite. And we fear there is every probability that they will obtain the delay they want. Lord Shaftesbury's Vestment Bill was, on the motion of the Archbishop of Canterbury, postponed for two months, to give time for the Report of the Royal Commission which was then about to be appointed. Now that the Commissioners are on the eve of making their first report, which will embrace "the ornaments of the Church and the vestments of the minister," the Archbishop calms the fears of certain of his clergy who address him on the subject, by assuring them that "Convocation will be duly consulted upon the matters submitted to the Royal Commission before Parliament shall make any enactment touching them." This assurance has greater force when read in connection with the memorial of the clergymen in question—the clergy of the deaneries of Chew and Portishead. They declare their belief that "it would be opposed to the Divine principles of the Church, and unconstitutional, and exceedingly distressing to the consciences of many sincere Churchmen, and would establish a most dangerous precedent, if any alterations in the Book of Common Prayer, or in the Rubrics, or in the Table of Lessons should be made by the sole authority of Parliament." They then pray his Grace to withhold his sanction from any measure which may be introduced into Parliament for that purpose, "unless such alteration has been previously submitted to and approved by Convocation." The Archbishop replies, "I quite agree with the memorialists in this matter;" and in his answer to Lord Shaftesbury on Monday, he defined his agreement as going to this extent, namely, "that serious danger would arise from any alteration of the Book of Common Prayer upon the sole authority of Parliament." That is quite enough.

It is satisfactory to learn from the Archbishop, that in assuring his memorialists that Convocation would be consulted before any legislation took place in reference to the matters submitted to the Royal Commission, he wrote without any authority from her Majesty's Government. But this satisfaction is unhappily qualified by the fact that, authorized or not, his Grace's promise to his clergy will be fulfilled. Lord Derby, holding that it is perfectly competent for Parliament to take any course it may see fit to take, still thinks that "it is desirable that Convocation should have an early opportunity of expressing its opinion upon any important change which is

contemplated with regard to Church matters." It is not to be supposed that the reference of any proposed alteration of the law to the judgment of Convocation will be an idle ceremony, or that its opinion will be cast aside, and have no influence whatever on the course of legislation. That would be to heap unnecessary contempt upon a body which, whatever its defects, is at least respectable. We take it, therefore, that some weight will be attached to its opinion by the Government, and that, however powerless it may be in itself, it will not be destitute of influence indirectly whenever Parliament is asked to sanction an alteration in the law which it either favours or disapproves. It has received Lord Derby's assurance that its representations will have weight, and to that extent it will influence the Legislature. But what right has it to do so? What, in fact, is Convocation? At the best a parliament having cognizance of certain ecclesiastical matters, but incapable of making or executing any canons without the Royal Assent. Twenty years ago there was practically no such body. It met, indeed, but only for form's sake, like those meetings of Parliament which occur during the recess to continue its prorogation from one date to a later. Deliberations it had none. And when we speak of "it," meaning our own Convocation in this province of Canterbury, we must remember that the province of York has a Convocation of equal authority within its jurisdiction, and that Dublin and Armagh, component parts of the united Church of England and Ireland, have each their Convocation, which happily has slumbered since the Union. The Convocation of the province of Canterbury continued in a state of torpidity till the violent action of the "Tracts for the Times" galvanized it into sudden life. Somewhat later woke up the Convocation of the province of York; and, to show what admirable harmony and what hope of doctrinal unity lies in these bodies, the Convocations of Canterbury and York have for five years disputed the somewhat important question whether fathers may stand sponsors for their own children, and are no nearer a settlement now than they were when the question was first raised. Here, then, is a body, or bodies, which, having for many years fallen into disuse, wake up only to show their incompetence. But if they cannot agree on a point which so immediately affects the administration of one of the two sacraments of the Church—that a man may be baptized in the province of Canterbury and not baptized in the province of York—what agreement can we expect from them upon questions of a more abstruse character than the conditions necessary to the reception of a sacrament which, in some way or other is the first step in the Christian life.

The Legislature never exhibited an alacrity in consulting Convocation. Why should it do so now, when the divisions in the Church, which are more or less represented in Convocation, are greater than they ever were? The Bishop of London says, "I heartily approve Convocation;" but he adds, "now that there are two Convocations in this country, each of which would have an equal right to be consulted, it might take a long time before any definite agreement was come to in respect of any change in the practice of the Church. . . . Under these circumstances Convocation, as it at present exists, must not be offended because the Imperial Parliament is disposed to regard its machinery as too cumbrous to fit it for the decision of these questions." That is the common-sense view of the matter; but the argument is equally strong against any interference of Convocation at all. Dr. Tait reminds us that while it is true that in old times certain Acts received the approval of Convocation as well as that of Parliament, yet "out of a compilation by a learned civilian of 2,000 pages of statutes relating to the Church, only seven statutes appear to have received the sanction of Convocation, the rest having been adopted by the sole authority of Parliament." Nothing can be clearer than that Parliament is perfectly independent of Convocation, and derives no particle of authority from its approval. Except in seven instances, it has legislated for the Church without any reference whatever to Convocation. If it is now necessary to legislate further with regard to the Church (which, as a body politic, Parliament created), will it be better that the new measures should be inspired by an assembly which more or less represents the divisions of the Church, or solely by the Legislature, whose decisions will be at least in accordance with the general wish of the nation. And though the practices and teaching of the Ritualists do not at first sight seem to concern any who are not within the pale of the Established Church, they in truth concern the whole country. For the existence of Ritualism in an essentially Protestant Church is an abuse of national funds set apart for the education of the people as Protestants—funds amounting in respect of tithe commutation alone to four millions per annum. The argument is a perfectly fair one that Protestant dissenters, differing far less from Pro-

testant Churchmen than the latter differ from the Ritualists, have more right to a share in this considerable revenue than men who do not scruple to avow their detestation of the very name of Protestant. For this, if for no other reason, legislation should rest with Parliament alone. But Convocation will be consulted. If the Government has sufficient influence with the Legislature no measure shall be passed that Convocation has not approved. That is a free, but, we fear, a perfectly truthful rendering of Lord Derby's opinion that "it is desirable that Convocation should have an early opportunity of expressing its opinion upon any important change which is contemplated with regard to Church matters:" in other words, the Ritualists will gain all they want—time. "Give us time;" that is the sole condition they think necessary to their success. Time to creep from two candles to six, from six unlighted candles to six lighted ones. Time to accustom the eyes of congregations, first, to the sight of a rose dropped accidentally on the communion-table, then placed there in a tumbler, by-and-by appearing in company with a handful of geraniums in a vase, and so crawling on till the communion-table is gaily decorated to the heart's content of a Bennett or a Mackonochie. Time to get up a little singing of an evening once a week, twice, thrice, until Evensong becomes an established practice. And so on. Throw legislation over for this session, and there is the whole recess to operate in, and extend the influence of Ritualism by those fine gradations which its organs recommend, and which have been practised thus far with undoubted success. No wonder that the Bishop of Oxford was silent in Monday's debate, only speaking on a point of form. The cause needed not his eloquence. The decision of the Government had made it safe. Such a position of affairs gives double interest to Lord Shaftesbury's Vestments Bill. He has declared his determination to move the second reading on the 23rd, whether the Commissioners shall have issued their first report or not. And no one can observe the superficial character of the hostility to Ritualism which is professed in influential quarters without feeling that it is only by a bold, determined, and straightforward policy that its innovations can be encountered with any hope of success.

THE DREGS OF THE SESSION.

WE read with satisfaction that the present session may be expected to terminate its dishonoured career about the middle of August. It is certainly falling "into the sere and yellow leaf;" and, not to press too closely a hackneyed quotation, we may remark that the course of the dominant spirit of the session has been not unlike that of the usurper in the tragedy; how many "principles" to which he once swore allegiance have been made away with, and their faithful adherents charged with the crime? "Some sleeping killed; all murdered." And now the fruit of all this is to be gathered, and unless the Conservative party rises like Banquo to shake its gory locks at its false friend, he may feast for a while undisturbed—with what amount of satisfaction it is impossible to guess. We do not know with any certainty whether, as he has protested all along, the subversion of his published plan was also part of his plan, or whether it was bitter to him; whether he foresaw what he did not bring about, like Providence, according to the Calvinistic creeds; or whether, like the self-deified intellect in Tennyson, he can exclaim—

"I sit as God holding no form of creed,
But contemplating all."

This we cannot presume to divine. The aspect of the session, as Mr. Disraeli regards it, is therefore a point upon which we do not propose to dwell. Whether he finds comfort in the retrospect before distance has given the finished work a softer hue; or whether it appears to him as to us a series of blunders, confusions, and contradictions, which nothing less than an "unerring instinct" for floundering through superfluous quagmires could have tolerated so long—this, we say again, is of no particular interest to us. Suffice it, that with whatever feelings of complacency Mr. Disraeli may contemplate his work, we do not admire either the work or the workman. At present, a certain kind of success appears to have won for him a certain amount of admiration, for what particular quality we do not profess to know. Those who now admire his cleverness, would loudly repudiate the charge of hero-worship; and indeed justly, for their admiration is due to the display of qualities the reverse of heroic. It is the worst form of success-worship, the tribute paid to cunning and astuteness achieving its end, not to the silent struggle of great ideas emerging at last into the light as an accomplished fact. However, this reputation, such

as it is, we should be the last to grudge; it is the reward for which Mr. Disraeli has striven so persistently and industriously, and he should wear these golden or gilded opinions in their newest gloss, and we will not cruelly disclose further the basis of them.

While, however, Mr. Disraeli's horizon is bright with the glories of a setting sun—he may count it a rising one, and then to the weather-wise these roseate hues would be of ill omen—how is it with his party and the rest of the world? His party, which must shortly find itself in darkness, with no "cloudy pillar" to guide them as now, and the rest of the world, which, too long befooled by his dexterous application of terror and suasion, has followed him so submissively, to find themselves at last in that "limbo near the moon," considerably out of their latitude. After the sunset flush the leaden hue must be expected. As we hinted before, we shall be immensely relieved when this wearisome session is over. As for the topic of Reform, we imagine every human being must be heartily sick of it by this time; we have been surfeited and nauseated by it; even Mr. Bright has had his fill and more, and cannot go so far as the Ministerial party, but threatens to turn Conservative. He is like the personage in the story who, to guarantee the water of the well he pointed out, was forced to drink almost to bursting; Mr. Bright never contemplated that he might have to undergo such an ordeal, and that, too, from the Tory party. Almost all other ardent Reformers are as sated as the grocer's boy is of sugarplums. Like the chameleon, almost every politician has changed colour once or twice under the diet; some have refused to taste any more a cup so dangerous to their moral character; others would add this or that ingredient to make it palatable; while others again are doomed to drink it to the dregs. At the beginning of the session the Conservative party was too unaccustomed to Reform to touch it voluntarily; but by keeping it constantly before them, and by dexterous applications of fear and persuasion they were induced to sip, and having sipped they found the taste not so bad as they expected, and so, in the usual way, they came to drink off eagerly and with a tumult of haste and excitement the intoxicating draught. They have now got to the lees and must drain every dreg, and we need not wonder that it turns upon the stomach, and that they begin to loathe what they coveted.

We shall notice a few of the wry faces made in gulping down this now distasteful potion of Reform. There was Mr. Adderley, a little while ago, who was put up to make a strong Conservative speech against conceding the additional members to Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham. For what purpose he was set to do this we cannot conjecture, unless it was that he was used as a sort of anemometer, just as Newton used to measure the force of the wind by jumping against it, or as one sends up a piece of paper with the same object. At any rate, no sooner had Mr. Adderley sounded his challenge, with an intimation that no quarter would be asked or given, than Mr. Disraeli rose, and mildly yielded the point in dispute. Mr. Disraeli has on several occasions treated Mr. Gathorne Hardy, the great "no surrender" man, in the same manner. On this occasion Mr. Adderley declined to swallow the pill, and nearly sixty of the Ministerial party broke out into open revolt. On the same evening the whole House was treated with a mild dose of what we are sure is very good for it, though we are equally sure it does not relish it, namely, the clause for disfranchising election agents. There was a provision in this clause that it should be made a misdemeanour for any candidate to employ an agent who voted; this was struck out, and the self-scourging of the House went no further than to render such votes liable to be disallowed. These little castigations, which the House inflicts upon itself by way of penance, are necessarily performed with wry faces; but, secretly, the patient is chuckling to think how very little effect his strokes have; he pretends to whip very severely, taking care that the lash never actually touches him, though he writhes in the most approved fashion. We must not omit to notice that Mr. Roebuck—upon whom the chameleon diet has been most effective, this ancient Liberal having become completely blue in the course of the last year or so—was cruelly snubbed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sheffield was denied an extra member in spite of Mr. Roebuck's staunch support of the Ministerial Bill. In fact, Mr. Disraeli is now approaching so nearly the termination of his labours, that the Ministerial party feel that it is much better to go on than to go back, but yet cannot go forward without mutiny; while Mr. Disraeli himself meets with sufficient casual support from other quarters of the House to be indifferent to the recalcitrancy of his own followers, and even ventured to fly in the face of Mr. Henley in the redistribution clauses, though he afterwards adopted a depre-

catory tone. As Mr. Disraeli said on Monday last, having got so far, he trusts the House will not retrace its steps now in the month of July, and therefore he feels his position impregnable, and has not for more than a week hinted at a dissolution. That threat, having done its work, will now perhaps be laid aside, with the numerous "principles" which have been made to do duty during the session. These "principles" remind us of the waistcoats of George IV. in Thackeray's description; and as Mr. Disraeli doffs one after another, we gradually perceive that there is underneath—as Thackeray suggested in the case of the monarch—nothing.

The rejection of the cumulative vote was no surprise to Mr. Lowe, though it must have been rendered more bitter by a renewal of the slights of his former allies. The proposition was hardly discussed with any serious interest. Mr. Lowe was Cassandra-like in his speech as usual, and equally disregarded. He said we should "have a House of Commons consisting of rich men returned by a mob." And Lord Cranborne urged that if you will have one thing new you must have all new, and not put new wine into old bottles. But Mr. Disraeli, along with his other cast-off clothing, has laid away "securities," and contemplates the bursting of the old bottles by the new Radical wine of his manufacture with great complacency. He objected to the smallness of the application of the principle, or as Mr. Bright (who defended "the ancient pathways of the Constitution" against new-fangled innovation) remarked, it was like taking a snowball from an avalanche. The Chancellor of the Exchequer likes to play at ninepins with somewhat larger "securities" than such as this. Mr. Mill and the philosophical Liberals vindicated their title to the name (unless Mr. Gathorne Hardy's opinion is to prevail, that as they pay nothing for it, they ought not to be allowed to retain it), and voted for the cumulative vote. The *Times*, also, on this occasion had to digest a disappointment, for which, however, it found a consolation in looking to the future triumph of the measure. Mr. Disraeli deprecated the introduction into the House of any more people of the "crotchety" sort, and Mr. Lowe returned the compliment by alluding to political "nihilists," who think that nothing matters in particular.

On Monday night the Bill progressed rapidly, overturning Mr. Gladstone in its way, the motion for giving increased representation to South Lancashire being negatived without a division. And the Bill is now safe, and the schedules will speedily be attacked, and no doubt short work will be made with them. The bitterness of death is past for the Conservative party, and they may now lie at rest. Under some other name they will perhaps still strive to vindicate a feeble existence until the democracy which Mr. Disraeli pronounces "impossible in England" snuffs out their last remaining spark of life.

We have called the latter part of the Reform discussions the dregs of the session, as being the most distasteful part of the business. After the Reform question has been disposed of members will be allowed some recreation in the way of Bankruptcy, Irish Church, and other topics, which will be quite refreshing after the dreariness of the Reform discussions. Many members will doubtless make all haste to secure their seats, or a snatch of such shooting as may be attainable; and no doubt the most pertinacious agitators for Reform will easily acknowledge that one may have too much of a good thing, and that our Constitution is excellent in this—that, like a wise mother when she wants to cure us of too keen a taste for a thing, she permits us a surfeit.

THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH IN IRELAND.

WE make no apology for continuing to direct the attention of the public to the Irish State Church. We have recently expressed our deliberate opinion that the dis-establishment of that most anomalous and unparalleled institution is an indispensable pre-requisite of the conciliation of Ireland. As we then said, so do we now repeat, that this alone will not suffice. But without this, all other ameliorative measures will fail to heal the wounds of that country. The arguments, so called, that are commonly used in behalf of the Irish State Church, are, to our apprehension, so intangible, that in taking them up our chief difficulty is to find out what it is that we have got to reply to. But discussion is not on that account to be deprecated. The more frequently the champions of the institution are driven to attempt a defence for it, the more clearly are its indefensible injustice and oppressiveness brought home to the minds of the British public. In practically dealing with this giant grievance, we are bound to do so in a way that will meet the views and satisfy the real aspirations of the Irish people. Some of our

contemporaries appear to take it for granted that, by a partition of the Ecclesiastical State revenues between the Protestant and Catholic churches in Ireland, the popular discontent would be removed. We scarcely know on what data this opinion has been formed. We have, however, reason to believe that, by the proposed division of the spoils, the popular discontent would not be removed, but intensified. We know something of Ireland, and we know that the great body of Catholics look with much distrust and jealousy on any proposition of a State endowment for their clergy. It is because of this jealousy, quite as much as from any theoretical preference of the voluntary principle, that the Archbishop of Cashel, the Bishop of Cloyne, the Bishop of Ross, and other men, both clerical and lay, whose names are well known in the world of Irish politics, have unequivocally repudiated the endowment of their Church by the State. The society instituted under the name of the National Association of Ireland held its first meeting in Dublin on the 29th December, 1864. That meeting was attended by a large number of Catholic prelates and priests, including Cardinal Cullen; and in their presence, and with their full concurrence, the following resolution was moved by one of the speakers, and unanimously carried:—

"That we demand the disendowment of the Established Church in Ireland as a condition without which social peace and stability, general respect for the laws, and unity of sentiment and action for national objects never can prevail in Ireland. And in making this demand, we emphatically disavow any intention to interfere with vested rights or to injure or offend any portion of our fellow-countrymen; our desire being rather to remove a most prolific source of civil discord, by placing all religious denominations on a footing of perfect equality, and leaving each Church to be maintained by the voluntary contributions of its members."

Here, it will be seen, the voluntary principle as applicable to religion in Ireland was solemnly affirmed by a meeting that unquestionably represented a large amount of clerical and popular opinion; affirmed, moreover, without eliciting a syllable of dissent from any one of the prelates who were present. And it also must be noticed that in giving expression to the principle of self-support, the meeting did no more than repeat what the whole body of Irish Catholics, and a very considerable number of Irish Protestants, had been saying from the days of the great anti-tithe agitation of 1831. In O'Connell's mouth, and in the mouths of a host of minor agitators, it was a usual argument that a man could no more be fairly or honestly compelled to pay for his neighbour's spiritual pastor than for that neighbour's lawyer or physician. This was a popular way of stating the voluntary principle. The fact was, the Irish Catholics had discovered that their Church could be most efficiently supported by the voluntary gifts of its members. They saw it strike its roots more and more deeply in the affections of its followers, and increase the proportion which those followers bore to the general population of the kingdom. They saw that this progress, moral and numerical, was made in connection with strict voluntarism. Then they looked at the State Church, supported by (proportionally) the largest endowment in Christendom; they saw pastors without flocks; parishes without Protestant inhabitants united with parishes in which a few Protestants resided, so as to form a benefice; they saw everything the secular power could do, united with energetic zeal on the part of some Protestant controvertists, yet all resulting in miserable failure to extend the number of Anglican Protestants in Ireland. We do not say that it was by a logical process that the Irish Catholics associated spiritual health and strength with voluntarism, and spiritual paralysis with State endowment. But the general inference in favour of the voluntary principle was, under the circumstances, very natural, and the popular prepossession in favour of voluntarism was and is irresistible. Of course, in every great popular movement there will be differences of opinion; and we have to admit that a handful of Catholics, personally respectable, have advocated a division of the endowment between the two Churches. The gentlemen who take this unpopular view are the Catholic Bishop of Kerry (Dr. Moriarty), Mr. Aubrey De Vere, and some three or four others of less note. These gentlemen do not seem to be aware that their project of effecting a division is simply an impossibility. Their forces consist merely of themselves and a very few Englishmen, whose notions on the subject are formed from theories rather than facts. Opposed to them would be not only the whole force of the British voluntarists, who are against all State endowment of every or any religion, but also the great body of British Protestants, who, though not voluntarists, have yet a special objection to the endowment of Roman Catholicism. With the British voluntarists and Protestants would, upon this question, be associated the Irish

Catholics *en masse*, who, as we have said, entertain a deep conviction that voluntarism is incomparably better for the spiritual interests of their faith than State endowment. Lord Derby said, in the debate on Earl Russell's motion, that the scheme of dividing the revenues among the rival Churches "would certainly lay the foundation for more quarrels in the future, more animosities, and more bickerings with regard to the share each set of claimants is entitled to, than any scheme that he had yet heard advanced." This would be quite true if the sets of so-called claimants were in earnest in desiring to get shares. But the Irish Catholics do not claim; they *disclaim*. And it seems to us a somewhat "cool" proceeding, in the face of their often repeated disclaimer, to invite the Legislature to discuss the expediency of forcing upon them a mode of Church support which they repudiate.

The very small party—indeed, too small to be justly termed a party—the very few persons who demand a share of the ecclesiastical State property for the Irish Catholic Church have been prominent enough to afford some excuse to one or two English journalists for pretending to fancy that the Irish popular mind is not made up as to the proper remedy for the admitted ecclesiastical grievance. The Committee of the National Association, in which, as we have already remarked, are enrolled the larger number of the Irish Catholic hierarchy, deemed it useful to dispel all misconception by passing the following resolution at their meeting held on the 27th ult.:—

"That in the present aspect of the State Church question, we feel it incumbent on us to renew the declarations we have from time to time already made, of our unaltered and unalterable resolution to abide by the principle of self-support as the best and safest for the Irish Catholic Church under the especial circumstances of her position; and that we deprecate, and will oppose, any project of investing her with any portion of the ecclesiastical State property at present in the possession of the Established Church."

We think it right to reproduce the emphatic declarations of Irish Catholic opinion we have cited. A blundering effort to mend matters by dividing the revenues would create unappeasable dissatisfaction. We have not the least doubt that, great and grievous as the present evil is, the Irish Catholics in general would rather endure it than endure what they would deem the much greater and more grievous evil of the State endowment of their own Church. The public interests of the empire might materially suffer from such an ill-judged experiment. The Imperial Parliament has had Ireland in its hands for nearly sixty-seven years, and the existing condition of the country at the end of that long period presents to our view an enormous annual abstraction of absentee rents and absentee taxes; decay of towns, resulting from the vast emigration of the country customers, by whom the small traders and shopkeepers had been formerly supported; insecurity of landed tenure; the pecuniary fraud and national insult of the anti-national State Church; and the flight of the Irish people from their country at the rate of over 100,000 souls per annum. To expect that such a complication of evils could coexist with fervid popular loyalty to the British Government would be to expect a phenomenon not hitherto exhibited by human nature. We do not concern ourselves here with the question how far the Irish people are right or wrong in considering the Imperial Government responsible for the evils of which they complain. But it is at least clear that they do not mistake in blaming that Government for the continued existence of the State Church. It is equally clear that the establishment of religious equality is an indispensable condition precedent to the peace and prosperity of Ireland. No people could give a more unmistakable indication of their wishes and sentiments than the Irish nation gave in 1831 and the succeeding years. Anti-tithe meetings to petition Parliament, and combinations to resist the impost, sprang up all over the country. The Government of that period had an excellent opportunity of terminating the grievance in accordance with the loud and general popular demand for disendowment. But the old excuse for prolonging a great wrong was given. "It was not the right time." The people from one end of the island to the other agitated against the State Church. To disendow it at such a juncture would, we were told, have been an undignified yielding to popular clamour and intimidation. On the other hand, Lord Cairns and some others now refuse to redress the grievance on the opposite plea that the Irish people do *not* agitate for its removal. The Irish deem it no grievance, we are told, because they do not agitate. There is here, however, a slight mistake as to the fact; there was in 1866 the quiet agitation of petitions for disendowment which were signed by more than 202,000 persons, and which would have been much more numerous signed if it were not that the people have to a great extent lost faith in the efficacy of petitions.

We are tempted to ask if Lord Cairns can really believe that the secularization of the Irish Church revenues would endanger the security of private property? A public corporate property, created by the State to remunerate certain persons for their performance of public duties. Surely, State interference with such a property as this affords no precedent for State interference with property which the State did *not* create; property derived from success in trade, or from inheritance of land or of money, or from any other of the sources of private acquisition? But this is a point upon which we can appeal to experience. Some two or three-and-thirty years ago, the Legislature abolished one-fourth of the tithe, and extinguished the vestry-cess in Ireland, which latter impost was then supposed to amount to about £70,000 per annum. More recently Parliament abolished the impost in towns called ministers' money. Here, surely, were important and alarming reductions in the Irish State Church revenues; reductions which, if Lord Cairns's theory be right, should have given a tremendous shake to private property. But private property remained unshaken, just because it rests upon a basis totally different from that which is occupied by a corporate fund set apart by the State for public purposes. The State Church in Ireland is so thoroughly unsusceptible of any rational or honest defence that its overthrow will not be a matter of much difficulty if the game be well played by its opponents. True, there will be a fierce and hard-fought struggle in its defence by those whose pecuniary interests and party prejudices are concerned in its maintenance. This is, of course, to be expected. But the representatives of Orange ferocity, or of sanctimonious noodle-dom, are destitute of any arguments which British candour, justice, and intelligence would not instantly reject as untenable. Yet there are one or two chances in favour of the institution. We counsel the people of Ireland to petition the Legislature as extensively as possible for disendowment, and for the secular utilization of the revenues. We well know their sentiments, and that abstinence from petitions can be truly accounted for without assigning their indifference as a reason for it. But they must take care to deprive their opponents of the plausible pretext that they are apathetic. Assertions are easily made; but incontrovertible proof of their earnestness will be afforded by abundant petitions, and by petitions alone. And our Irish friends must discountenance, by every means within their power, the suicidal folly of those few but somewhat clamorous Catholics whose demand for a division of the revenues between the Protestant and Catholic Churches could only result in creating fresh squabbles, and thereby retarding a great act of national justice. If the Catholics and liberal Protestants of Ireland will avoid all mistakes, and march boldly and constitutionally onwards, hand-in-hand with the English voluntarists, they will succeed in attaining the end in view without sacrificing a principle which we believe essential to religious freedom and to a mutual respect and absence of bigotry between creeds.

"COUNTING OUT."

MR. DISRAELI avowed himself, a few nights ago, to be an enemy to the practice of "counting-out." But although the right hon. gentleman, by some sacrifice of his own principles, and at the cost of a good deal of suffering to his own party, may succeed in reforming the constitution of the House of Commons, we do not believe that he will abolish a practice which is so convenient to that assembly, and which, within due limits, has so much to be said in its favour. Indeed, if we might venture to doubt the sincerity of Cabinet Ministers, we should be inclined to suspect that, on the occasion in question, the right hon. gentleman was saying that which he wished to be believed, rather than that which he actually thought. Towards the close of the session the Government always find it expedient to affect a great regard for the right of private members to ride their hobbies without interruption, on the nights which are appointed to that description of equestrian exercise, because if they were suspected of conniving at any interference with the sacred privileges of bores, they would be unable to obtain the requisite facilities for the despatch of public business, and would be subjected to severe retaliation in the shape of a heavy accumulation of motions on going into Committee of Supply. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the leader of the House endeavours to deprecate the active hostility of his natural enemies by pretending to share their indignation at untimely interruptions; and it is possible that there may even be a certain amount of sincerity in his resignation to an evil which he sees no means of averting. But even to the Government a "count-out" is often both agreeable and useful;

and if we look at the matter from a more general point of view, we cannot help thinking that it is highly advantageous to the House that there should be a means of summarily extinguishing discussions which have no public interest. If there be no business on the paper sufficiently important to induce forty gentlemen to remain in or about the House, the best thing the assembly can do is to adjourn; for it is certainly not decent that any decision should be arrived at by less than that number of members, and it is no part of the duty of a legislative assembly to afford its most tiresome members unlimited scope for inflicting their tediousness on the occupants of the reporters' gallery. A "count-out" now and then is the only means by which the regular attendance of sufficient members to form a quorum can be secured; and that some quorum should be insisted upon is a point so obvious that we may safely take it for granted. Our present object is not, however, to discuss the expediency of counting out, but to give some account of the rules by which it is regulated, and the manner in which it is practised.

The practice of "counting out" must have existed in the House of Commons for more than two centuries and a half, since it appears from an entry in the journals for 1607 that at that time sixty members were necessary to constitute "a House." The present rule, which requires forty members inclusive of the Speaker to be present, was established in 1640; but although it has been in force from that time to the present, it is still, according to Sir E. May, only a matter of usage, and may be altered at pleasure. It has in point of fact been suspended on more than one occasion. In March, 1793, it was, for instance, resolved that, for the purpose of receiving messages from the other House in regard to the trial of Warren Hastings, the Speaker might take the chair and direct the messengers to be called in, although forty members were not present. And in the year 1833 twenty members were constituted a quorum for the purpose of the morning sittings held during that session. Again, it is held that if the House of Commons is summoned to the House of Lords by her Majesty or by Lords Commissioners before four o'clock in the afternoon, that fact of itself constitutes a House whatever be the number of members present, so far as to enable the Speaker to obey the invitation or command of the Usher of the Black Rod. If, however, the summons is delayed until after four o'clock, it cannot be obeyed unless forty members are present; and in 1856 it actually happened that, in consequence of this rule having been overlooked, the Royal assent was prevented from being given to a number of Bills on the day originally fixed. The Black Rod did not appear at the bar of the House of Commons until four o'clock; forty members were not then present, and as they did not make their appearance before half-past four o'clock, to which hour the Speaker waited, there was no alternative but to adjourn the House and to leave the Royal Commission unexecuted. Dismissing, however, these exceptional cases, let us see what is the ordinary practice of the House. Except when morning sittings are specially ordered, the House meets on four days of the week at a quarter before four o'clock, when prayers are read. During prayers the Speaker sits, not in his own raised chair, but in that of the Clerk at the table; and immediately the devotions of the House are terminated he counts from that place the members present. If these amount to forty he takes the chair at once; but if they do not, then he waits until four o'clock, when he again counts the House, this time standing on the upper step of his own chair. If a quorum be then present he seats himself, and business at once proceeds; if, on the other hand, the quorum is not made up, he adjourns the House to the next sitting day; and it is said that "no House" is made. When the House sits in the morning, no business can be entered upon until forty members are present, and if at any time before four o'clock notice is taken that that number of gentlemen are not in the House, business is suspended until a quorum is obtained; but the House cannot be "counted out" and adjourned until after four o'clock. If a House has been duly formed, and business has been entered upon, a "count-out" in that case may occur in two ways. In the first place, if it appears on the report of tellers on a division that forty members are not present, the Speaker forthwith adjourns the House. In the second place, the Speaker will count the House as often as notice is taken that the requisite number of members is not in attendance. That notice may be taken or given either by a direct motion that the House shall be counted, or by simply mentioning the fact that forty members are not in the House; and for that purpose it is perfectly in order to interrupt a speaker. Nay, more; a speaker may involuntarily count himself out, as once happened within the last few years, in a very amusing manner. An hon. member who was addressing the House on an Indian subject, was moved to violent

indignation at the slight attention which the House paid to the concerns of our Eastern empire. By way of giving point to his argument, he exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Speaker, I am at this moment, and on this momentous subject, addressing only thirteen members." "Order, order," said the Speaker rising from his chair. The member looked astonished, but the Speaker was inexorable; the House was counted, and our eloquent M.P., to the intense delight of the House, had to leave the rest of his fiery oration unspoken. We have only to add, in order to complete our sketch of the practice on this point, that a Committee of the whole House cannot be counted-out. If any one takes notice that forty members are not present, or if a division reveals the fact, the Chairman at once reports progress, and the Speaker then resumes the chair and counts. If there is not a quorum, the House stands adjourned; but if by that time a quorum has been obtained, the House again resolves itself into Committee.

In order to compass a count-out it is necessary, in the first place, to get the members out of the House, and in the next to keep them out. Both processes take place sometimes in a natural and sometimes in an artificial manner. A bore may empty the House without any extraneous assistance. But sometimes he does not quite accomplish the desired result; or he may not accomplish it so quickly as the Government or some one else may happen to desire. Then you see the member charged with the duty of effecting the "count out" gliding about the House, and engaging in conversation with one little knot of men after another. Sometimes he appears to be rebuffed; but more often you see those whom he has been speaking to get up soon afterwards and leave the House. It is, of course, necessary to reduce the number of members in the House a good deal below forty, because it is always certain that some men will come in from the smoking-room or library as soon as the word is passed that a "count" is on. Some do this because they have an interest in the business; but there are others who appear to take such a course merely out of a perverse pleasure in perpetuating the sufferings of their fellow-creatures; while there is a third section who, themselves belonging to the species "bore," have a fellow-feeling for, and a natural interest in, the other members of the same class. As soon as the number of members in the House is reduced to what is considered a safe thing, the motion is made that the House should be counted. Sometimes this is done by a gentleman rising openly in his place; but more often the member moving in the matter glides gently up to the Speaker's chair, whispers to him, and immediately runs out of the House in order that he may not himself be counted. In the latter case the reporters make it a point of honour not to give the name of the individual to whom they owe a debt of gratitude for doing his best to save them a night's labour.

It is probably unnecessary to say, for the information of those who are familiar with the debates in Parliament, that the Speaker does not "count" immediately his attention is called to the propriety of doing so. He rises, cries "Order, order," and thereupon the clerk at the table turns a two-minute sand-glass, while strangers are directed to withdraw from below the bar. At the end of the two minutes the right hon. gentleman slowly counts the members, pointing to each with his three-cornered hat as he counts. During this time the doors of the House remain open, and it is at this stage of the proceedings that the chief amusement in connection with counting out occurs. If there are many members about the House, they generally congregate behind the glass doors opposite the Speaker's chair in order to watch the proceedings; and it not unfrequently occurs that an animated contest, generally limited to argument and chaff, but sometimes taking the form of physical obstruction ensues between those who desire to promote, and those who are bent upon defeating the attempt to "count-out." On a very recent occasion, for instance, when the Government, or at any rate their "whips," were in favour of the former course, it is said that a couple of their most stalwart supporters placed themselves right in the door-way and opposed a passive resistance to the efforts of members to enter. No member who enters during the process of "counting" is allowed to leave until it is over; and on more than one occasion, members having inadvertently come in, and desiring to withdraw, have been peremptorily ordered to their seats by the Speaker, there to be told off. If the number of forty is not reached, then, as soon as the Speaker has counted the last man present, he quits the chair without making any observation, and the House forthwith adjourns. If, on the other hand, forty is reached, he resumes his chair also without making any observation; the business proceeds, and as a general rule there is an immediate "exodus" of the members who have hastily rushed in to "make a House." The attempt to "count" may be, and

frequently is, repeated several times in an evening, the couple of hours devoted to the dinner being, we need hardly say, the period generally selected for the operation. Upon the whole, it is very seldom that a debate on any important or interesting subject is interrupted by a "count-out." If anything of that kind is on the paper, sufficient private members are tolerably certain to be in attendance to prevent such a catastrophe; and on nights when Government business is taken, the subordinate members of the Administration, whose duty it is, according to Mr. Canning, "to make a House, to keep a House, and to cheer the Minister," form a compact corps adequate to defeat any attempts to terminate the sitting prematurely. On the other hand a "count-out" is a very convenient way of staving off the discussion which the House does not wish to entertain—say, for instance, a motion of Mr. Whalley's about the Roman Catholic Church, or the ventilation of some insignificant private grievance. Occasionally it is resorted to vexatiously, as in a recent instance when the nomination of the Committee on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was prevented by notice being taken that forty members were not present, immediately the House had, after a morning sitting, resumed at 9 o'clock. But as a rule it acts as a wholesome stimulus to regular attendance on the part of members; and, in spite of Mr. Disraeli's denunciations, we hope that, if exercised with moderation and discretion, it may long continue to flourish as a terror to bores and a check upon busybodies.

"OUR NOBLE SELVES."

We are at present, and for the whole of next week we shall remain, "on view." We have invited a number of visitors to partake of our hospitality, and we may make ourselves tolerably certain that we shall not escape their criticisms. It is therefore neither unnatural or unprofitable that we should try to look at ourselves from their point of view; and should ask ourselves what impression we are likely to make upon our Oriental and our Belgian guests. We would fain hope that the impression may not be altogether unfavourable; but in spite of our natural self-complacency, it is difficult for us to cherish the notion that they will not detect many flaws in our armour, and will not carry away with them many recollections the reverse of agreeable. On one point, at any rate, and that not the least important, we may, so far as present appearances go, make ourselves easy. Our climate is just now on its best behaviour; and even those who have been accustomed to regard Great Britain as a murky island given over to perpetual fog, will be compelled to acknowledge that the sun shines here as elsewhere, and that a bright sky and balmy breezes are not absolutely foreign to our shores. The British landscape will be seen under the most favourable aspect, and we may reasonably expect that the rich verdure of our fields, our high and widely-diffused cultivation, the variety of the scenery, and the ample abundance of timber, will contrast forcibly with the monotonous plains of Belgium, or the arid and neglected wastes which meet the traveller in the East. But when we have said this, we have said almost all that we can say with unalloyed satisfaction and with perfect confidence. It is, of course, easy to indulge in vain-glorious reflections about the greatness of our power, the extent of our trade, and the solidity of our liberties; or to enlarge upon the many great qualities which do undoubtedly distinguish us as a people. But, unfortunately, the things which are really best in England and in Englishmen, are exactly those which do not and cannot strike a casual visitor. It requires thought and study, careful and extended examination, to understand or appreciate our strength, our commerce, or our institutions; and if we may judge by the usual reports of foreigners, neither our character nor our habits are very attractive at first sight. There is an air of roughness and imperfection, something unfinished and unpolished about our towns, our arrangements, our manners, and, indeed, generally about everything in England, that will not at the first view stand comparison with the neatness, trimness, finish, and polish that the artistic instincts of the people and the watchful care of a paternal Government give to most things on the other side of the Channel. Moreover, we have an unfortunate way of obtruding our defects, and presenting even the things in which we are entitled to take pride under the most unfavourable aspects.

With respect to our Eastern visitors, at any rate, we shall be very fortunate, if the expectations they may have formed both of us and our country are not in a great measure disappointed. It is not in our favour that they have just come to us from France. London is undoubtedly a far more wonderful and more interesting city than Paris; but we cannot expect the Sultan or the Viceroy to discover that in the course of a few hurried

drives through our streets. They may be struck by the air of bustling activity and energetic life which pervades our crowded thoroughfares, but it will be strange if they do not find our buildings mean and dingy and the general aspect of the metropolis poor and commonplace compared with the capital they have left. They have no doubt been accustomed to regard our army as one of the most powerful in Europe, but it will principally be conspicuous to them by its absence. We have, it is true, the finest troops in the world, but then they are scattered all over the world; and even if we did collect a few thousand men together in Hyde Park, that would only expose the nakedness of the land to potentates who can easily concentrate in Constantinople or in Cairo more thousands than we can assemble hundreds, and who have recently assisted in Paris at a review where 40,000 men were under arms. The naval display at Spithead will no doubt be very effective in its way, but it will after all give no adequate idea of our naval power; and although we dare say that the Secretary of State for India and the Lord Mayor will do their best to render the fêtes or balls which they are about to give both agreeable and magnificent, we shall be very much surprised if our visitors are much impressed by these efforts in a line in which our failures are painful and notorious. Again, it is hardly to be expected that these illustrious persons will not draw some reflections unfavourable to our hospitality from the treatment to which they have both been subjected. The Viceroy of Egypt will not overlook his narrow escape from being lodged in a "khan," and it is probable that with Oriental notions of etiquette, even Dudley House will appear an inadequate substitute for the accommodation which he was entitled to expect in a Royal palace. The politeness of the Grand Turk will no doubt prevent his displaying any impatience on such a score, but we fear that he may fail to understand the reasons which prevent her Majesty receiving him otherwise than at a hasty luncheon, and compel her to leave London for the seaside on the very day after his arrival in London. It will be impossible to remove the disagreeable or unfavourable impressions which both princes may derive either as to our power, our prosperity, or our hospitality, by lectures upon the beauty of our constitutional system, which they are incapable of appreciating—by piles of statistics about ships and manufactures, which they will not have time to see—or even by the spectacle of an amount of personal liberty from which they may not possibly experience some unpleasant consequences. According to one of our contemporaries the Viceroy has already had a taste of the quality of our well-disposed and fashionable mob; and it will be well if the British "roughs" do not manage to introduce themselves upon the scene. Perhaps, however, these interesting personages may reserve their attentions for the Belgians, seeing that the cavalry escort by which the Viceroy and the Sultan will be accompanied when they appear in state, will considerably interfere with the playful freaks of our dirty and disreputable friends. In some form or other we are certain to be unpleasantly reminded of their existence within the next few days, unless our police arrangements have suddenly arrived at that reasonable degree of efficiency which recent experience does not justify us in expecting. It is indeed perhaps as well that the shortness of their stay in the country will not enable the two Eastern monarchs to probe very deeply our social state or administrative system. For although we cannot doubt that the longer they remained amongst us the stronger would be their impression of our wealth and our power; they would, if they were the "intelligent foreigners" that we are bound to suppose them, be somewhat surprised, that with all our knowledge and all our energy, we have not yet found out the way to rescue large masses of our countrymen from the direst poverty and the densest ignorance; that there are places in this civilized country where murder is a recognised institution; that our society is divided into something very like two hostile camps; that our navy and our army, although the most expensive in the world, are carefully administered in the way best calculated to insure the least amount of efficiency in return for the greatest amount of money,—so that while the former is, to a great extent, composed of a series of costly failures, the latter is at this moment practically incapable of taking the field in case it should be required to do so. It is difficult to over-estimate the astonishment with which the Sultan or the Viceroy—or indeed any reasonable being but an English statesman—would learn that our Minister at War finds it impossible to do more than deplore the inefficiency of the system which he administers, because he cannot overcome the passive resistance of his own subordinates; and although we should not concur in the suggestion, we should certainly be prepared to hear the "bowstring" recommended as a means of bringing home to the official mind

the fact that it is possible to provide a regiment of cavalry on the march from one English town to another with suitable refreshment for man and beast.

The Belgians will, of course, be more discriminating and more intelligent critics than the Mahomedan princes. They will be able to understand and appreciate a great deal of that which is good in us and in our institutions, in spite of much that is externally repulsive. They will, no doubt, be struck with those outward signs and indications of our vast commerce and our industrial eminence, which they will be able to observe even during their short visit to London. Sympathizing with us in our love of freedom, they will, we take it for granted, readily pardon the incidental drawbacks of our system. But, on the other hand, we can hardly expect that they will leave us without noticing some of those weak places even in the best of all possible countries to which we have already alluded; and especially without drawing decidedly unfavourable conclusions as to the roughness, the rudeness, and the generally uncivilized character of our lower, and the parsimony and stinginess of our higher, classes. It must be confessed that we have not managed to extend hospitality towards them—to put it mildly—in a very graceful or generous way. If the kindness shown to our Volunteers in Belgium last year was to be reciprocated, it was undoubtedly impossible that this should have been done otherwise than by a public subscription. But this ought to have been raised without difficulty, and to a very much larger amount than has been collected. We ought not to have had the begging-box sent round in the public and urgent manner in which it has been circulated during the last few weeks by wealthy noblemen and gentlemen who could with ease have put down the whole sum required. Above all, we certainly might have been spared that last painful appeal which appeared during this week in the columns of the *Times*. Some Belgians, at all events, read English newspapers, and we can imagine their feelings at seeing it announced within a few days of their arrival, that their numbers would put their hosts to the greatest inconvenience, and that, in point of fact, if more money did not come in, they would have to come off with short commons of entertainment. We all know what would be thought in private life of a gentleman who should invite a number of guests to dinner, and then tell his servants within their hearing that, as more had come than he expected, the wine must be watered or some money must be borrowed from a neighbour to purchase a few extra bottles from the public-house. And yet that is very much the kind of thing that the Belgian Reception Committee have done in publishing the letter in question. We doubt whether it would be possible to perpetrate such a piece of *gaucherie* in any country but England; and whatever else they may think of us, we certainly cannot expect that our Belgian guests will form a very high idea of the tact and delicacy with which we manage an interchange of international courtesies. Upon the whole, we are inclined to think that if we look at ourselves just now as others are looking at us, our habitual self-glorification must receive a great deal of qualification.

CHARITY AS A FASHION.

WHEN Mr. Gladstone proposed to deprive charitable institutions of the exemption from legacy duty which they had previously enjoyed, great was the outcry, and numerous were the remonstrances. His statement that many charities were rank jobs, that the good they did was small and their waste great, was met by the argument that bad charities were better than none, and that if people were discouraged from founding or contributing to such institutions because some were improperly administered, the most deserving would languish. Charity, it was said, needs to be stimulated. If only those persons gave who had the love of giving strongly developed, and whose means were equal to their wish, there would be a sad falling off in those voluntary contributions which are placarded on so many walls and in so many advertisements, and which M. Guizot declared to be the glory of England. There is an amount of cynicism in these arguments which shows that persons connected with charities have profoundly studied the weakness of human nature. The old story of Swift preaching a charity sermon to a business congregation, and confiding himself to a brief comment on the text, "He that giveth unto the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and look, what he layeth out shall be paid him again"—if, therefore, you approve of the security, down with your money"—does not apply in the present generation. Our preachers, it is true, work on the better feelings of mankind, and those who are best skilled in filling the plates never send the heart away empty. But the caterers for collections act on less noble principles. To them the popular preacher is a name, and his eloquence and position

are so much capital. They know that England is saturated with personal loyalty, and that all the world will run to the end of the world to be near a crowned head. Half the concerts which are given in noble mansions are given for some benevolent object, and tuft-hunting plays into the hands of charity. People who would not cross the street to hear the finest music and the best singer, crowd to Exeter Hall to listen to a duchess. Nor does any one think it strange that a duchess should sing in public when it is done with a charitable motive. Lady Godiva has been the theme of our great poet, because she exposed herself to the severest trial in order to benefit the people of Coventry. But her husband, who subjected her to the test, has never been much esteemed, and no one pities Peeping Tom either for his punishment or his proverbial infamy.

We believe many of those who go to charitable concerts in great houses, or work for bazaars and hold stalls in them, or pay for a peep at the Prince of Wales, or collect money which is to be laid on a table before the Queen, have the candour to confess their real motive. Yet, much as we dislike hypocrisy, this openness does not seem to us much better. When a committee reports that a great amount of bribery prevailed at an election, that the agents of the sitting member administered bribes, and that therefore his election must be quashed, but that no stain rests upon him personally, because these bribes were not given with his knowledge, we see in this saving clause a piece of homage to public virtue. We don't believe a word of it. How can we? It is plain that the money comes out of the member's pocket. It is not likely that he pays it away without a shrewd guess as to its destination. But if he openly proclaims that he gave bribes and meant to give them, we are either shocked at his guilt or at our own general depravity. It is the same with fashionable charity. Some one wants to get a smile from royalty, without being a member of those classes of society which consort with royal personages. Such smiles are not to be had for nothing. They are kept for the nobility which props the throne, or for those who have worked their way up by talent, valour, or industry, and have deserved well of the country. But the daughter of a retired tallow chandler who made a fortune by short weights and adulteration can hardly advance any similar claim. She cannot bask in the beams of greatness. The atmosphere of a court is not for her. She has never spoken to a title. Like the sensitive plant, she languishes for want of the cheering influences which are so necessary to her. Fortunately, a few gentlemen deeply impressed with the great necessity for some good work, found an institution, and name it after a lamented personage. Her Majesty graciously consents to "inaugurate" the institution, and is further pleased to signify her willingness to accept purses of money from all who are willing to collect for such an object. Any lady who collects or contributes five guineas is to have the honour of presenting a purse to her Majesty. Such an appeal being earnestly made, there is an immediate response. We read in the *Times* that a few days ago some 300 ladies enjoyed that honour, and that to each the desired smile was accorded. Those who could afford it filled their own purses. Others scoured the country in pony carriages, stopped the benevolent on the highways, and called at strange houses to work on the feelings of parents. We have no wish to depreciate the result of this zeal or munificence. But what was the motive? Shall we say that the ladies who collected did so because they inferred that the institution was good from the fact that the Queen was its patron? For if they knew of themselves that the institution was good, the fact that the Queen was to inaugurate it could make no difference in its merits. Or, shall we say that they gave money and persuaded others to give money in order that they might pass before the Queen, and might meet with some Royal recognition of their bounty, or of the energy with which they had pleaded the cause of charity? If so, this is nothing more or less than bribery, save only that the object of the bribe is not a seat in the House of Commons, and the bribe itself is not directly administered. We demand purity of election, though there is nothing to make an election incompatible with selfish motives, and the ends of personal advantage. But charity must of itself be pure if it is to be of avail to the giver. We grant that the precept of secrecy need not always be obeyed, for example is powerful. But it seems most unworthy to try and purchase private benefits by professing to make a free gift. If we had to choose between giving a cup to the races and a cheque to a charitable institution, the object in either case being to influence a Parliamentary election, we do not say that we should decide for the cup. We know that the result of giving the race cup might be absolutely harmful, while the result of giving the cheque could not fail to be beneficial. Yet of the two gifts the first would be the more honest,

and would not be tainted by the unavoidable hypocrisy which attaches to the second.

Of course it may be said that it is only in rare instances that charity has been pure. In the olden days it was often the price of promised salvation. The deathbed was smoothed by liberal donations, and a legacy to the Church was the fare, without which Charon would not admit the shivering soul into his ferry-boat. There is some truth in this; but the donors under that system knew no better. Salvation was at least a worthy motive. It had always been their duty to give of their abundance; and even if they could not repair past neglect they could give others the opportunity of atoning for their errors. The present manifestations of charity are not attended by a worthy motive, but by one which is itself contemptible. It is no glory to an asylum, or hospital, or missionary society, to have pressed snobbishness and toadyism into its service. There is a noble, as there is an ignoble, weakness in human nature; and while it is no shame to have succumbed to the one, the other should be steadily discountenanced. Fame is the spur that raises the clear spirit to scorn delights and to live laborious days; and by working on the love of fame many enterprises have been achieved, many difficulties have been overcome; we may add, many villainies have been perpetrated. The love of money is the root of all evil, yet art and literature have flourished under its influence; the state of things is improved, human life is prolonged, and the cause of morality is advanced by a judicious use of it. But while one poet can call wildly on fame as the next grandest word to God, another can declare that trade is beneath the dignity of the sons of song, and withers their laurels. What, then, shall be said of the love of titles and dignities, which can have no practical result, which is neither a spur to noble minds nor an incitement to any kind of bodily action? We may or may not look down on people who frequent public dinners on account of the chairman's prefix, who believe in noble directors, and jostle to catch a sight of royalty. But when they employ themselves in good works so that they may be seen of princes, and sound charitable trumpets in order that their names may be connected with royal patrons, they cease to be the harmless tufthunters of private life, and assume an importance to which they have no right, and which is in every way offensive.

IMPROVING THE COUNTY COURTS.

THERE is perhaps no branch of our legal system that has received a greater share of the attention of law reformers, or suffered more at their hands, than the county courts. Successive Chancellors have attempted the improvement of these tribunals, and each attempt seems to have rendered them more unpopular than before with all classes of suitors except the tally-man. Lord Chelmsford, following in the footsteps of his predecessors, has presented to the House of Lords a new County Courts Amendment Bill, and if it succeeds in escaping the slaughter of the innocents which will precede the approaching prorogation, it appears to our mind—however objectionable some of its clauses may be—calculated to work considerable improvement in the administration of county-court justice. The Bill gives increased facilities to creditors with respect to the courts in which they are to sue. The plaintiff may either commence his action in the county court within the district of which the defendant dwells or carries on his business, in that in which within six months before the action he dwelt or carried on his business, or in that in which the cause of action arose; and the action may be commenced and continued in any metropolitan county court so long as the defendant resides within the metropolitan county court district. By way of slightly assimilating the county court practice to that of the superior courts, a plaintiff is to be at liberty, when he sues for the price of goods "sold and delivered to the defendant, to be dealt with in the way of his trade, profession, or calling" with the summons, which in this case may be served by the plaintiff's own agent, or at his option by the bailiff of the court, to give notice that unless the defendant, within six days before the return of the summons, sends an intimation to the registrar of his intention to defend the action, the plaintiff will, on affidavit of service, and without any proof of his debt, obtain judgment and execution for the amount. To prevent actions for small sums being brought in the superior courts, the Bill provides that, where the plaintiff in such actions recovers less than £20 if the action be founded in contract, or £10 if founded in tort, he shall have no costs unless the judge certify that there was sufficient reason for bringing the action in the superior court. Actions of ejectment are also to be brought in the county court wherever the rent is under

£20 a year, even although the action may involve a question of title; but when the decision is likely to affect other lands than those sued for, then the defendant or his landlord may apply to a judge at chambers to move the cause into the superior court. The equitable jurisdiction of the county courts is also to extend to suits for the specific performance, reforming, delivering up, or cancelling any agreement for the sale or lease of any property whose value does not exceed £500. By the 6th clause the trial of actions by the sheriff on writ of inquiry under £20 is to be discontinued, and in substitution for this process the 7th clause provides that when the sum claimed in an action of contract brought in the superior court does not exceed £50, the defendant may apply to a judge at chambers to remove the trial of the cause into the county court. In cases, too, where proceedings which might have been brought in the county court are commenced in the Court of Chancery, the judge to whose court the cause is attached may make an order at chambers for the transfer of the cause to the county court on the application of any person interested, or without any application, should he himself see fit. The most important clause of the Bill, however, and one which militates most against the interests of those off-scourings of the legal profession, the low attorneys, is the 10th, which enables the defendant in any action for malicious prosecution, illegal arrest, illegal distress, assault, false imprisonment, libel, slander, seduction, or other action of tort, on making an affidavit that the plaintiff has no visible means of paying the costs of the defendant to bring the matter before a judge at chambers, who in the event of the plaintiff failing to find security for costs, may direct the proceedings to be stayed or send the action for trial into the county court.

The only objection we have to offer to those clauses of the Bill which propose to alter the practice of the county courts is that they do not go nearly far enough. We are at a loss to see any reason why the privilege of obtaining a speedy and final judgment for want of defendant's appearance, as in the superior courts, should be limited to cases where goods have been sold for trade purposes, or why it should not apply to all actions for goods sold and delivered, or, indeed, as in the superior courts to every case in which the action is brought for an ascertained sum. In nine actions out of ten brought in the county court a tradesman is compelled to leave his business, drag his books about with him, and waste a whole day loitering about the passages of a county court to prove a claim that nobody has, or ever had, any intention of disputing. This arrangement is in such reckless disregard of the convenience of suitors that we cannot wonder at the dislike in which most people hold the county courts, or at their willingness to lose a small debt rather than be involved in all the trouble and expense now incident to its recovery. Another clause, which indicates a similar desire to free suitors from trouble and expense, and which is also open to the objection of being far too restricted in its application, is that enabling a plaintiff to choose as the court in which his action shall be brought that one in the metropolitan district most convenient to himself. Under the existing practice, if a creditor living say at Hammersmith, desires to sue a debtor living at Mile-end, he must go or send to the Mile-end County Court to issue the plaint. For any further steps in the action a repetition of the visit is necessary, and ultimately he must drag his books and his witnesses there at the day of hearing to support his claim. In the same way, if the defendant lives in Manchester, and the action is one that must be heard in the county court there, the plaintiff has either to go to Manchester himself to commence his proceedings, and to take the necessary steps in the action, or he has, at more or less expense, to employ an agent to do it for him. It looks fair that the Mile-end defendant should be brought to Hammersmith; but that is, after all, but a slight benefit, and it leaves untouched the inconvenience that exists when the parties live at some considerable distance apart. Why should there not be a system of communication established between all the county courts in the country for the purpose of receiving fees, money, documents, or instructions, something similar to that which exists between the different post-offices for the transmission of money? There is no reason why the court of the district in which the defendant resides should not continue to be that in which actions against him shall be tried, but there are many reasons why the plaintiff should be permitted to take all the formal proceedings, and pay all the fees through the officers of the court nearest to him, leaving those officials to transmit them to the proper tribunal. Each county court could and ought to be a sort of central agent for all the others. The arrangement is one that would present very few difficulties, and the postal system not only affords an excellent example, but presents the requisite machinery.

When the Bill deals with questions of principle, we approach it with some hesitation and misgiving. We allude to those clauses which are intended to exclude actions for false imprisonment and wrongs of a kindred nature when the plaintiff is a poor man from the superior courts. We are willing enough to admit that practically such a provision would have considerable beneficial effects. It would clear the courts at Westminster from a mass of trumpery actions which clog the real judicial business of the country, and it would tend towards the further suppression of that social nuisance, the low attorney. There is no doubt that nine-tenths of these actions are mere speculations in which, whoever may lose, the attorney alone is the gainer, and that in very few of them does the injured innocent who is awarded damages by a jury of his countrymen ever benefit much by them. Still, we must remember that the low attorney is not without his uses, that he operates as a kind of scavenger, keeps society pure, and makes the terror of the law frequently felt by persons who, if left to the comparatively mild and friendly censure of the county courts, would ride it rather roughly over their poorer fellow-creatures. We do not by any means say that in London a poor man would not get as much justice and as heavy damages in the county court as he would in Westminster Hall; but when we get to the provinces, and have a local magnate brought before a county court judge—a bit of a local magnate in his own way himself—we have not exactly the same amount of confidence. Justice administered in some hole-and-corner place, hid from the publicity of the press and removed from the criticism of an educated bar, would be of a more rough-and-ready character than we should desire. Doubtful Poverty suing Unsullied Respectability for a malicious prosecution or illegal arrest, might come off with as little compensation as he deserved; but the liberty of the subject would lose much of that sacredness that already seems to be rapidly passing away from it, and we should have instances of justice's justice repeat themselves more frequently and more unpleasantly than they do even now.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD AGAIN.

IN the present number of the *Cornhill* Mr. Matthew Arnold has burst out into hysterics—cultivated hysterics, as they might be called. For Mr. Arnold does not shriek, he only squeaks. He could do nothing so ungentlemanly as to shriek. He uses his throat for the purpose of jumping down it, rather than uttering anything worth listening to. Still, let us do him justice. He always sets us an example of what we would call pretty behaviour. He never uses hard words. He tries his hand, indeed, at a peculiar kind of feminine satire, which hitherto has not met with much success. Further, let us note some of his other qualifications. He is a minor poet of considerable pretensions, a tolerable good critic of *belles lettres*, and a writer of essays which are sickly with a pale cast of sentimentality. Every now and then he comes forth from his *φροντιστήριον* at Oxford, where he plays the part *Σωκράτιδον*, and airs himself and his fallacies before the world. But even Mr. Matthew Arnold has his uses. As Coleridge was wont to say—Malta was well worth visiting; for, having seen it, any one knew exactly how a Government should not be carried on. So by studying Mr. Matthew Arnold we may discover exactly what ought not to be done. On this occasion, however, his overflow into print is remarkable. The matter which fills some sixteen pages of our contemporary was, it appears, originally delivered as a lecture at Oxford. And we certainly feel, after having read it, that the recent appointment of a new professor of poetry will be at any rate a great gain to that University. No one except Mr. Matthew Arnold could utter such a monotony of nonsense. We have a feeling of commiseration for a man who can write like this:—"We in Oxford, brought up amidst beauty and sweetness, have not failed to seize the truth that beauty and sweetness are essential characters of a complete human perfection. When I insist on this truth, I am all in the faith and tradition of Oxford." "We in Oxford" have, we must suppose, a monopoly of truth, which the outer world cannot enjoy. Yet Mr. Arnold kindly takes pity upon all who have not enjoyed the benefit of an Oxford education. After all they are God's creatures, he would say. And so he publishes his lectures in the *Cornhill* for the benefit of the benighted outer world. The grief of hired mourners is rather questionable, and the advocacy of a paid professor is, perhaps, not above suspicion. At all events, Oxford's prerogative to sweetness and light is not unimpeached. Mr. Matthew Arnold need not look very far to find illustrations in his own time. Was there any sweetness or light, except that of the bonfire, when Mr. Froude's "Nemesis of Faith" was burnt in the quadrangle of Exeter College? Was

there any light or sweetness, save that of revenge, in the movement, which defrauded Professor Jowett of his salary? Was there any sweetness or light in that party which have so long withstood all University reform, and have done their best to make scholarships and fellowships the privilege of a few instead of the property of the many? Was there any sweetness or light to be found in those electors who disgraced their University by rejecting the greatest statesman of the day? These are questions which deserve answering before Mr. Matthew Arnold claims sweetness and light as the peculiar prerogative of his own university. And when he has answered them, we would ask him to look back upon the past, and instead of giving us such a fine phrase as "Oxford's attachment to so many beaten causes," to tell us in plain English what he does mean. The principal beaten cause to which Oxford showed attachment was that of Laud and Charles I. And Mr. Matthew Arnold, we notice, still shows his attachment to that beaten cause by the safer method of now sneering at the *Nonconformist* newspaper. Most people by this time are satisfied as to the value of the beaten cause which Oxford so vainly espoused, so that there is no need for us to say anything further. If, however, any place can specially lay claim to sweetness and light, it is the sister University of Cambridge. She gave to England one of her noblest and truest sons—John Milton, who represented that victorious cause against which Oxford fought with all her strength, and whose manly prose stands out in such bold contrast to Mr. Matthew Arnold's effeminate style. The true friends of Oxford look back with very different feelings to those of Mr. Arnold. And though they fancy that they see some glimmerings of light—the light of liberal thought—some hope of sweetness—the sweetness of liberal deeds, and of duties manfully performed—yet they feel that these must be achieved by very different means to Mr. Arnold's; by something very different to spinning pretty sentences, and writing polished periods about so-called culture. And for a moment it is just, perhaps, worth while to inquire what is meant by this cant about culture which Mr. Matthew Arnold is for ever talking. As far as we can make out, culture, with such men as Mr. Arnold and his followers, as exemplified by their own lives and writings, in spite of anything they may say to the contrary, means setting the manner above the matter—valuing polish of style far more than vigour of thought. Mr. Matthew Arnold, if we may be forgiven the expression, is an intellectual fop. He dresses himself up, and stands admiring himself before the looking-glass of his own inner self. He plumes himself upon being what he calls a Liberal, whilst all the time he is the most illiberal of men. The term Radical sends him into hysterics. He writes with white kid gloves on, and his sweetness is that of eau-de-Cologne. A powerful intellect he would call a vulgar one. This is vulgar, and that is vulgar. Burns was a very great man, I dare say, but he was not at Oxford, and we all know that he had a very bad French accent. Such is the general tone of Mr. Arnold's criticisms. There is an air of "Plato and rose-water" about him, but a great deal more rose-water than Plato. Looking at Mr. Arnold from this point of view, we are not surprised at the peevish irritation which latterly has pervaded his prose writings. Hence, too, we are not surprised at his outburst against Mr. Bright in his present essay. Mr. Bright may not be the classical scholar which Mr. Matthew Arnold is, but if he were he would have the good taste to abstain from ostentatiously parading his knowledge as the Oxford Professor so constantly does. "Du Grec! ô ciel! du Grec! il sait du Grec!" is the kind of chorus which Mr. Matthew Arnold always seems to be expecting from his followers. But Mr. Bright is something more than a classical scholar, a spinner of fine phrases, and a minor poet: he is a doer and a worker. To him, and such as he, do we owe the inestimable boon of cheap bread, of free trade, and of open labour markets, without which our brethren must have ever remained in poverty with all its accompanying evils. These are, we know, far too material matters for the consideration of such a transcendentalist and superlatively fine thinker as Mr. Matthew Arnold. He has never lost an opportunity of sneering not only at the material wealth of England, but at everything else which has raised us above other nations. When we look back upon his writings, we do not forget that he has sneered at our Protestantism, sneered at science, and when he could find nothing else, sneered at English surnames. In his present essay he has probably reached his climax. Luckily, however, the best practical answer to Mr. Arnold may be found in the fact that this very week the London College at Spring-grove was opened. The London College, we may mention, owes its existence principally to the labours of those two Philistines, Cobden and Chevalier, both of them professors of political economy, the so-called "dismal science" of the transcendentalists.

Such are the latest fruits of Philistinism. The Prince of Wales, who will probably be included by Mr. Arnold amongst the Philistines, opened the institution; and in the description given of the building we find that inscriptions are written on the pillars to Alcuin, the founder of the University of Paris and to "Thomas Arnold, the great Schoolmaster of Rugby." The object of the institution is to combine a sufficiently classical education with a sound utilitarian culture. It has the special feature of providing affiliated schools on the Continent, where the students, after residing two years at Spring-grove, may continue their educational course upon new ground, where a new language can be learned and new scenes and manners known and acquired. One of these seminaries is in France, and the other in Germany. Whether a better and a more valuable member of English society may not come from such a system rather than from a flirtation with English hexameters, we leave our readers to judge. Mr. Arnold would object possibly to the London College because it is near London, situated in a very beautiful though slightly metropolitan district, and because it has a distinct function to perform, and does not intend to present the world with *petit-maitre* logicians, or intellectual dandies fit for nothing but attitudes in monthly magazines, where they may be permitted to exhibit their little rococo minds for the admiration of young ladies or of old women—of both sexes. The Prince of Wales, who is, perhaps, of quite as good a family as Mr. Matthew Arnold, may be supposed to have even as much taste for "geist" as Mr. Arnold, and he associated with the name of his father the name of Cobden, whose reputation must be as sickening to our culture-priest as the name of a saint was said to be to the devil. Professor Huxley was also present at the opening of the London College, and it must assuredly be mortifying to Mr. Arnold to find opposite principles to his receiving encouragement from two quarters, while his unfortunate "geist" is never heard of except out of the mouth of the representative preacher himself, or in the papers which make fun of it. Luckily, too, another antidote of Mr. Matthew Arnold's pretty nonsense has been provided. Immediately following the publication of his essay, we have had a speech by Mr. Gladstone on the very same subject. And it is curious to note how the statesman, the rejected of Oxford—that centre of "sweetness and light,"—who is the true representative of modern Liberalism, in its double relation of labour and culture, dealt with the subject. He did not sneer at national prosperity. With a keen appreciation of the days in which we live, he took Lafitte as his hero; and, enlarging with the subject, showed how intimately all modern progress is bound up with political economy. Finally, he added, "pursue knowledge, first of all for the great value which it possesses in itself, and the great value that is not in itself but beyond itself: it acts upon the mind—strengthening it, enlarging it, and enlightening it." Mr. Matthew Arnold's teaching, on the other hand, even with all his vast learning and fine phrases, would do nothing else but weaken, narrow, and darken the mind. "*Chrysologue est tout. . . . et n'est rien.*"

THE MIMICRY OF ANIMALS.

In the present number of the *Westminster Review* occurs a remarkable article, by a naturalist, whose name, if public rumour had not mentioned it, would have been easily guessed by internal evidence. The editor, instead of attaching the author's signature to the last article in the number, should have attached it to the first. The severely logical and scientific paper on the "Mimicry and other Protective Resemblances among Animals" will add far more to the reputation of the *Westminster Review* than the hysterical scream about Italy which is signed Joseph Mazzini. The author of the paper in question is so well known to the scientific world that it is not necessary for us to say one word about his varied attainments and ability to bring them into play. The article suffers from the misfortune that its author knows rather too much. He has not, in fact, room in which to turn. The rival of Darwin suffers from the very defect which is seen in the "*Origin of Species*." This, however, is only a temporary embarrassment, for the paper is sure to be reprinted with references, illustrations, and additions, which could not possibly be compressed in the limited space of an article in a quarterly review. If, however, the paper shares these defects with the great book which we have mentioned, it also partakes of its merits. Like it, the essay is scientifically logical, and its truth or falsity must, too, be decided on strictly scientific grounds. And here let us remark—what, however, there ought to be no necessity for remarking, especially after eight years' continuous criticism on the subject—that there is no connection between the Darwinian and the Lamarckian theory,

which was the cause of so much terror when popularized in the "Vestiges of Creation." Lamarck has long ago been discarded as a guide and the "Vestiges" forgotten. On the other hand, however, Darwin's natural selection theory is now more or less admitted by every scientific naturalist. There are, of course, some exceptions, such as parasites, which refuse to be harmonized. But as one of the chief modes by which species has been modified, the agency of natural selection, is on all sides admitted. It does not, we repeat, account for everything. We most of us remember the alarm which was raised at the first publication of this theory. Eight years, however, have passed away, and we do not think the world has since that time sustained that grave shock, that loosening of all moral sentiments, which alarmists so surely prognosticated. If Darwin is wrong, we may be certain that he will suffer the same fate as Lamarck, and if his views are untenable, that they will be consigned to the same limbo of false theories as that of the "Vestiges." There is nothing really to alarm us. Time is the true touchstone of all things. We should, indeed, be showing not only cowardice, but a distrust in our best feelings and in our own creed if we desired to raise any obstacle to this spirit of inquiry. This is not the spirit of Protestantism, but of the narrowest Romanism of a bygone day. With such feelings therefore we approach the article in the *Westminster*. We might be inclined to take some slight exception to its title. Mimicry, according to our view, is far too strong a word to be used, implying powers which we cannot concede to the animal creation. And yet it is very difficult to suggest any other. This objection, too, the author has himself felt. In a footnote he warns us that the word "mimicry" is used only in the sense of voluntary imitation. By the word he really means "a particular kind of resemblance only, a resemblance not in internal structure but in external appearance, a resemblance to those parts only that catch the eye, a resemblance that deceives." And he goes on further to add that as this kind of resemblance has the same effect as voluntary imitation or mimicry, and as there are no other words in the language to express the required meaning but these two last, he has been obliged to follow Mr. Bates in adopting the latter. If the reader will therefore remember that "mimicry" is only used in a metaphorical sense, the objection at once disappears. With this warning, therefore, we will proceed to examine the paper. And the position of the critic is at once changed into that of an admirer by the masterly way in which the writer handles the subject. The key-note may be found in a passage in the "Origin of Species," where Darwin briefly alludes to colour as a means of concealment, instancing the case of the female capercali, which, if it were of the same colour as the cock, would be exposed to far more danger than it now is from its brown plumage. This is the point from which the reviewer in the *Westminster* starts. And he takes the whole animal kingdom under his survey. To some animals, who cannot escape by strength or swiftness of flight, concealment is absolutely necessary. And it is worth while noticing how colour acts in a double manner—both defensively and offensively. Thus, as the reviewer remarks, "desert animals are, as a rule, desert coloured. The lion is a typical example of this, and must be almost invisible when crouched upon the sand or among desert rocks and stones." He then proceeds to give other examples, as in the case of the antelope, the camel, the Egyptian and the Pampas cat, and the Australian kangaroo. The desert birds, too, show the same characteristics. In North Africa, as has been observed by that most accurate ornithologist, the Rev. H. B. Tristram, the upper plumage of every bird without exception, "whether lark, chat, sylvian or sand-grouse, is of one uniform isabelline or sand colour." The arctic regions afford us the same striking testimony as to the use of colour. The white polar bear, the arctic fox, white in the winter, are familiar instances. Amongst birds, the snow bunting, the jer falcon, and the snowy owl, are conspicuous. Turn where we will, the same phenomenon appears over and over again. As the reviewer says, nocturnal animals supply us with equally striking illustrations. Mice, rats, bats, and moles, are of the same hues as the "blanket of the dark." Owls and goat-suckers are barred and mottled with the same tints as those of the bark of the trees round which they skim. In the vast green tropical forests we find whole groups of birds whose chief colour is green—green parrots and green pigeons. Reptiles and fishes all bear the same testimony. The tree-snakes adopt the same colour as the foliage amongst which they twist themselves. The flounder and the skate wear the same shades and tints as the sand-bed upon which they rest. Still more abundant is the evidence from the insect world. Every one will remember the description in "Aurora Leigh":—

"Hedgerows all alive
With birds and gnats, and large white butterflies,
Which look as if the May-flower had caught life
And palpitated forth upon the wind."

The observation which furnished the poetess with a beautiful image, is made to yield rich results by the scientific thinker. As might be expected, the reviewer deals far more fully with the insects than with birds or reptiles. The most notable instance of the use of colour is that seen in the genus *Phyllium*, the "walking leaf," in which, to use the reviewer's words, "not only are the wings perfect imitations of leaves in every detail, but the thorax and legs are flat, dilated, and leaf-like," so that the closest observation is required to distinguish the animal from the leaf upon which it is feeding.

The most interesting part of the article, however, is where the reviewer shows how these resemblances and conformities of colour have been brought about. At this point the Darwinian theory of the struggle for existence comes into play. The various phenomena of "mimicry" are shown by the reviewer to follow certain "definite laws, which again all indicate their dependance on the more general law of the 'survival of the fittest,' or 'the preservation of favoured races in the struggle for life.'" These laws the reviewer proceeds to lay down and to illustrate. Into this part of the article we cannot now in our limited space enter. There is, however, one point which we would notice. The reviewer, although he deals very fully with the question of the colouring of the plumage of birds, has scarcely done justice to the "mimicry" which is seen in their nests, and in the colour of their eggs, which are so often adapted to the ground on which they are laid. The nest of the wren may often be mistaken for a mere lump of moss, whilst that of the chaffinch so harmonizes with the tints of the lichen of the bark of the tree on which it is built, that a practised eye is required to discover one from the other. The nest, too, of the dipper (*Cinclus aquaticus*) resembles the mosses which grow on the wet rocks, against which it loves to build, whilst that of the mistletoe thrush, ingeniously placed between the forks of a branch, flush with the surface, often looks as if it were a portion of the tree. The resemblances of the eggs of many birds to the ground on which they are laid are no less remarkable. The reviewer notices the goatsucker's dark mottled tints, which assimilate with the bark and lichens of the wood, but he does not mention its eggs, which, laying on the ground, may be mistaken for white mottled stones. He appeals to the colours of the woodcock as affording it protection amongst the dead leaves, but he curiously does not allude to its eggs, which, in their colouring, also resemble the dead leaves on the ground, where they are laid, and thus often escape detection. Whole families of birds offer similar illustrations. The eggs of the common peewit, laid in a fallow, are a good example. Those of the common sandpiper (*Totanus hypoleucos*) resemble the sand on which they are placed, whilst those of the lesser tern (*Sterna minuta*) so closely imitate the colour of the gravel, that when looking for them we have actually trodden upon them, so much has the resemblance deceived the eye. Here we must pause. The whole question is very large. No one yet, as far as we are aware, has dealt with this special point. The beauty theory which has been advocated will certainly not hold good. We commend the subject to the attention of the *Westminster* Reviewer.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES.

THIS week's records of the Irish courts of justice disclose a "mysterious incident in real life," the interest of which extends far beyond the circle of the family whom it has plunged into affliction. It chiefly concerns, indeed, the inhabitants of this great metropolis—as London was probably the scene of a transaction as unaccountable as any of which we remember to have read. On Monday last the family of an Indian officer applied to the Irish Court of Probate to permit them to take out administration to their relative without adducing any positive proof of his death. The proceeding at first sight appears to be that which we are accustomed in this country to designate as an Irish one, since, as the application was granted, it is at least possible that the Court may have constituted an administrator "of the goods of a deceased man who is still alive." It is obvious, however, that there are cases in which testamentary courts must run the risk of this judicial bull. The English courts have not hesitated in granting similar administrations to the ill-fated Tyrone Power and his companions on board the *President*. It is, of course, just within the range of possibility that the *President* may have drifted away to some unknown region, and that, even after the lapse of twenty-seven years,

some one of the deceased persons may appear in the Court of Chancery to bring his administrator or executors to a strict account of the disposal of his assets. The case which has just been disposed of in the Irish Court of Probate is somewhat different in its circumstances, and suggests some strange and not altogether unimportant reflections.

Captain Robert Macready was an Indian officer. He held a position in the Bombay staff corps, and in the year 1864 obtained leave of absence for the purpose of visiting his relatives in Ireland. He performed the journey safely as far as London—but in London it seems he mysteriously disappeared—and after an interval of more than three years his friends have come to the conclusion that he is dead; and in granting administration to his executor the Irish Court of Probate has given judicial sanction to this belief. In February, 1864, he wrote from London to his friends in Ireland that he was on the point of leaving London to visit them, and accordingly on some evening in that month he left his lodgings with his luggage, apparently to start by the evening mail train from Euston-square. He has never since been heard of.

"Every inquiry was made through the police-offices, army agents, and other channels with reference to him, but no information could be obtained as to what had become of him. From that time to the present no cheque has ever been presented to his army agents, and he had never returned to his regiment in India."

Such was the statement by which his friends satisfied the Irish tribunal that he is dead. The inference is certainly not an unreasonable one. But it is rather a startling thing to be told that within the last four years it was possible for such a transaction to occur; that a captain in the army should leave his lodgings in this metropolis of civilized England, should start in a cab for the Euston-square Station, and between his lodgings and the station mysteriously disappear. It is still more startling to find that no trace of him has ever been found, and, above all, that no public effort ever has been made to discover what became of him. The inference that he has been murdered seems almost irresistible. Imagination fails in even suggesting the circumstances under which his life was taken away. That which is really "sensational" to sober-minded Englishmen, is the proved possibility that men, holding a good position in society, bearing the commission of her Majesty, can be made away with in the streets of London, and no questions be asked.

The question unavoidably suggests itself—Is this a solitary instance, or do these things usually or frequently occur? For three years and a half the public have known nothing of the disappearance of Captain Robert Macready. They never would have known it if he had not left a little money which could not be obtained without making public in a court of justice the strange story of his mysterious fate. Are there many more such stories, known only to surviving relations? Are any other captains lost each year in their transit in cabs from their lodgings in London to the railway that would carry them to the Dublin mail-packet. We have heard it said that in some of our great seaport towns sailors have been tracked into dens of infamy, and never heard of afterwards. In the days of Burke and Haro, beyond all question numbers of persons vanished from the scene without ever being traced. Grim stories are told of houses over the Thames into which persons are said even of late years to have been enticed for the purposes of robbery and plunder, and their bodies summarily disposed of by a plunge into the stream. One mysterious disappearance like that of Captain Macready revives all these horrible traditions, and sets us seriously thinking whether it be not at least possible that many hideous crimes may be every year committed without leaving the smallest trace or indication of their perpetration.

In every rank of life except the highest there are persons who might disappear from the world without causing a single inquiry as to their fate. Every one probably reckons in the number of his acquaintance some persons who would scarcely be missed, and about whom, if his friends ceased to see him, no inquiry would be made—no inquiry, at least, that would not be perfectly satisfied by the answer that he had gone to the country and had not yet come back. There are, we are sure, numbers of persons who might go to the country from whose bourne no traveller returns, and be months, or perhaps years, in it before any one would discover that they were not still alive. We have no wish to make any of our readers uncomfortable by suggesting that the tall, thin gentleman who has not been seen at the club for the last three months has been drugged and murdered for the sake of his diamond ring; yet certainly it is possible that it may be so, and that, if it had been so, the murder may have been committed without any one ever having been put upon inquiry.

There seems to be a defect in our system of police or judicial regulations when matters of this character take place without inquiry. Our ancient institution of a coroner's court applies only to cases in which some portion of the remains of a victim are found. Why should there not be a coroner's inquest to inquire into all the circumstances under which Captain Macready disappeared? Old writers on law attached, no doubt, a superstitious importance to the proof of what they termed "*corpus delicti*;" and there was, we believe, a time when it was actually held that no person could be convicted of murder if he had contrived effectually to secrete the body of his victim. But, after all, it does appear reasonable that there should be some public authority to investigate cases of mysterious disappearance, at least whenever there are reasonable grounds for supposing that such inquiries would lead to the discovery of crime. No doubt, the exercise of such an authority might occasionally lead to awkward results. An eccentric gentleman, who had withdrawn into temporary retirement might be startled at reading in the papers the report of a coroner's inquest upon himself. The debtor who was only avoiding his creditors in some rustic retreat might perhaps in an extreme case be even compelled to submit in silence to a verdict of *felo de se*. But even these inconveniences would be preferable to a condition of things in which Captain Macready could be spirited away in the most public thoroughfares in London and no human being on behalf of the public ever take the slightest trouble to discover how it was done. We fear, after all, that the instances of such disappearance are much more common than we suppose. If the secret history of the obscure haunts of London were written, our civilization would be shocked and startled at the length and the atrocity of the annals of undetected crime.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

M. THIERS, in addressing the Corps Législatif, on Tuesday, on the subject of the unfortunate Mexican expedition, made a more reasonable and temperate speech than those with which he sometimes favours the Chamber. One great defect in the speeches of the French Opposition generally is the prevalence of invective—the constant introduction of personally irritating remarks—the evident talking for effect, and the extreme indulgence in sarcasm, because sarcasm is the raw material out of which such pretty little (artificial) flowers of rhetoric, and such charming bon-bons of epigram, may be manufactured. It was this fatal tendency which ruined what is called "Parliamentary Government" in France during the reign of Louis Philippe; and it is this which gives the discussions of the present Chamber so much acerbity, and so frequently enables the Government orators to rebuke the Opposition with some show of reason. In the speech of M. Thiers on Tuesday, however, there was less of this objectionable element than might have been expected. The address was more argumentative than sarcastic—more solid than clever. The speaker showed—what, indeed, there was no difficulty in showing—that the Mexican expedition was a mistake from the first, that it had no reasonable chance of success, and that in fact it had disastrously failed. But the most important part of his speech was that in which he drew a moral from the discomfiture of the Emperor's project for establishing a monarchy in Mexico. Alluding to the opposition which some sections of the Chamber always gave to that design, M. Thiers argued that, had the Chamber possessed more power, and had there been a responsible Ministry, the expedition would have been over-ruled, and the country have been saved great discredit. He therefore made the failure of the Mexican exploit a plea for the restoration of Parliamentary Government to France. "Many of his colleagues," he said, "to whom he had privately expressed his opinions, had said to him, 'But we are progressing towards the form of monarchy you desire.' He admitted that; but the whole object of his observations was to show the necessity of quicker progress in that direction, before some new Mexican expedition or German question should overtake them. His last words would be, 'Progress in our institutions.'" This was a most fair and legitimate argument, and one well worthy the grave consideration of all Frenchmen; but it is a matter open to some doubt whether Parliamentary Government is as fitted for France as it is for England, and whether its failure under Louis Philippe is not a sufficient proof of this. It is questionable whether any amount of Ministerial responsibility would have prevented the Mexican expedition. Unless it can be shown that there was a strong and general feeling against the attempt in the House and in the country—and this was certainly not the case,

though the expedition was never decidedly popular—we have no ground for supposing that any different system of government would have warded off the disaster. In his own way, Louis Philippe was as intriguing as Napoleon III.; and it does not appear that the Chambers prevented or remedied the evil.

A VIENNA counterpart to our *Punch* has published a cartoon representing the Emperor Napoleon asleep, and evidently tormented by as harrowing dreams as those which afflicted our Richard III. on the night before the battle of Bosworth-field. By the side of his couch stands the ghost of Maximilian, reciting a poem in which he threatens to cling to him everlastingly—"in the golden hour of gladness, and in exile." It is to be feared that this expresses a truth. If Louis Napoleon is a man of ordinary feeling—and he is generally credited with considerable amiability of nature—the shadows of Maximilian slain in his prime, and of his yet more unhappy wife, hopelessly mad with accumulated woes, will be dark and terrible in his remembrance as long as memory endures: the more so now that he has no longer youth or health to bear the burden. For, whatever his motives, it was by his counsels, and to work out his designs, that the ill-fated Archduke set out on that expedition which has now terminated so lamentably. Yet it is going beyond the limits of fairness to charge the French Emperor with any direct criminality in the death of Maximilian. It does not appear to be the fact that he "abandoned" him to his fate. He offered him a safe passage out of the country before the first of the French legions withdrew; but Maximilian, lured by the representations of the priestly party, chose to remain, though it was evident that the majority of the nation were against him. This is a fact which ought not to be forgotten in forming a judgment on the whole case. It will be important also to ascertain whether there is any truth in the statement that Juarez offered to spare the life of the ex-Emperor if he would renounce all claim to rule in Mexico, and that he refused. Should this prove to be the case, it is hard to see on what ground Juarez is to be blamed. Nothing, however, can excuse, or palliate, or in any degree lighten, the infamous guilt of Lopez, the betrayer of Maximilian, for a despicable bribe.

THE correspondent of the *Times*, who describes the ceremony at Rome of the canonization of the twenty-five newly-acknowledged martyrs, seems fairly to have lost his head with the splendour of the accessories, the grandeur of the music, the contagious influence of the vast body of enthusiasm generated by the gathering together in one building of devout believers from all quarters of the world, and the peculiar sentiment, half touching, half proud, which must necessarily have surrounded the whole observance. There cannot be a question that the scene was extremely imposing—sublime in its architectural forms, gorgeous in its colouring, tender and sweet in its choral voice of music, impressive in its manifestation of an old form of faith conscientiously held by many of the leading nations of the world. But, if we would study the picture in its darker shades, we may see one of those shades in the wild fanaticism which prompted an Italian among the vast crowd to cut his throat in the midst of the ceremonial, under the belief that he would thus obtain instant admission into Paradise. This spirit of unquestioning faith is the stuff out of which persecutors are made, and all the fiercest bigotries of the world; and one may well question whether a modest hesitation on some points is not a good corrective of such inordinate reliance. "It's all a mystery!" exclaimed a poor distracted youth, rushing the other day out of the Royal Chapel at Windsor in a state of frenzy. The Romanist says that he, and he alone, knows all about the mystery; and, when he had the power, which the advance of secular civilization has happily taken from him, he was very apt to burn you if you questioned his pretensions. Another excellent antidote to any undue enthusiasm that might be excited by reading the *Times'* description of the recent ceremonial, may be found in the Pope's Allocution, and in his reply to a deputation of Italians. The one is a diffuse, the other a more concentrated, expression of principles against which the world is protesting in action every day.

SIGNOR RATTAZZI (who provisionally holds the portfolio of Finance) has accepted many of the recommendations of the committee relative to the Ecclesiastical Property Bill, but will propose modifications rendering the measure more beneficial to the Treasury. The Italian Premier is opposed to granting unrestricted liberty to the

Church. That, he argues, can only be done when the Church recognises the full liberty of the State. This is a truth of which Italians are every day becoming more sensible.

OMAR PASHA reports that he has all but crushed the insurrection in Crete. We have heard a good deal of this same insurrection being crushed out before, and yet it has started up again. It must be admitted, however, that Omar Pasha is a difficult man to deal with, and, after his first failures, he seems to have been successful. Still, the great questions involved remain to be settled, and Europe claims to have a voice in that settlement. A collateral quarrel, moreover has grown up between Turkey and Greece. The former Power complains that the Greek steamer *Arkadi* has fired into a Turkish man-of-war; but if what is alleged on the other side be true—that the Turkish vessel had first of all fired into the *Arkadi*, within cannon-shot of Greek land, and had endeavoured to prevent her entrance into a Greek harbour—the responsibility lies with the Moslem, even though the *Arkadi* may have been engaged in surreptitiously aiding the rebellion, and was therefore not unnaturally obnoxious to the Turkish cruiser. Mr. Layard has, in this as in other matters, constituted himself the mouthpiece of Turkey in the House of Commons; but we must be careful to hear both sides fairly before we judge. And Lord Stanley seems disposed to do so.

THE negotiations between Prussia and Denmark, for the restitution by the former to the latter of the northern or Danish portion of Slesvig, hang fire. Prussia requires of Denmark a guarantee for the security of the national rights of the German part of the population, and Denmark is disinclined to give this, alleging that the ordinary laws of the State are sufficient for the protection of all subjects of the Danish Crown. It appears that 421 German residents have endorsed this view; but Prussia is not satisfied, and so holds back from the fulfilment of her promise.

THE Bill on Ministerial responsibility in Austria has passed the Lower House of the Reichsrath, and will therefore probably become law. This is a remarkable advance: it remains to be seen how it will work.

MR. JOHNSON has been making a tour through New England, and has been received with a greater amount of enthusiasm than might have been expected, considering that the President was always rather Southern than Northern in his leanings. The nation generally, however, seems to be still very distrustful of Mr. Johnson's policy; and Congress—contrary to what was generally expected when last it separated—has met for a brief summer session, instead of waiting for the usual time of reassembling in December. The object of this session is to pass a declaratory or explanatory act, for securing the effectual working of the Reconstruction Acts of last session. Mr. Stanbery, the Attorney-General, has put such an interpretation on those Acts as to give them a character certainly not contemplated by their authors. He contends that they do not sanction the removal of the local Governments of the South, and the substitution of military rule, but merely place the officers and soldiers of the United States army in the position of a sort of police, charged with the maintenance of law and order, in obedience to the Governors and Legislatures of the States. This interpretation of the law (with which the President is believed to sympathize) would utterly undo the work of Congress, and again put the pro-slavery party in a position of ascendancy. Congress is not likely to give way; and it is pretty clear that the Attorney-General and the President must.

THE position of the unfortunate captives in Abyssinia grows worse, instead of better. They are subjected to great cruelties, and Mr. Stern, writing to his wife from Magdala on the 1st of May, says he fears they will all be ordered for execution ere long, the King being incensed at not succeeding in obtaining further concessions from the English Government. The only hopeful prospect lies in the fact that the ferocity of the King has exhausted the patience of his own subjects, and that a revolution is far from impossible.

TRINITY COLLEGE, Dublin, has lately been conferring degrees. The honorary degrees, which of late years have been granted, are

so conferred as to leave it in doubt whether these degrees are any honour at all. Sometimes they are given to men without merit of any kind, as for instance to literates who may wish to conceal the unpleasant fact that they received no University education whatever. Sometimes they are given to men of real literary eminence, but given in such a way as to disgust the recipient. On the last occasion of degree-conferring, a gentleman of fame in the world of letters was selected for this honour. He had previously been honoured by a degree from the Edinburgh University, and had not forgotten the splendid hospitality he received in the Scottish capital, nor the long Latin oration in which his merits were lauded. But when he came to Dublin, he did not get even a "biscuit and sherry" from Trinity College. When he called on the Senior Fellow, whose duty it was to prepare the necessary papers, he was unceremoniously told to "call some other time," as that functionary was too busy to attend to him. When he went to the Provost's house, he found himself ignored. No speech was made in his honour, no invitation was given to him, and no manner of hospitality was shown to him. He went away with the conviction that he had been very shabbily treated, and that Trinity College, with all its wealth, has a very mean scale of reception for those whom it delights to honour.

MR. WARREN, the Irish Solicitor-General, will succeed Mr. Chatterton in the office of Attorney-General, and also in the representation of Dublin University. Sir Joseph Napier would gladly add to his laurels by again becoming M.P. for T.C.D., but has no chance. Mr. Warren is an "out-and-out" Tory of the old true blue school. He will have the warm support of the Church Education clergy, having at the last Rotundo meetings ascribed Fenianism to the National Education system.

THE railway excursion season appears likely this year to be attended with quite its ordinary proportion of accompanying accidents. Last week several lives were sacrificed on the London and North-Western Railway at Warrington, by either the negligence or overworking of the railway *employés*, and on Wednesday last an accident occurred on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, attributable apparently to the same cause; but, although of a more fearful description, not attended with the same loss of life. The accident took place almost immediately after the train had left the Victoria Station, and at that point near the new bridge over the Thames where the lines diverge, one set on the low level in the direction of Clapham Junction, and the other on the high level leading towards Wandsworth-road Station. The engine and several of the foremost carriages had passed over the points at the divergence, but the last three carriages having "mounted" at the points, and having been dragged for some distance, were thrown with violence upon the abutment wall which separates the high and low level lines of railway. Upon the passengers being extricated, it was found that, although no one was killed, sixteen persons were more or less seriously injured. When we remember the amount of excursion traffic which the approaching naval review and the visits of the Sultan, the Viceroy of Egypt, and the Belgians, are likely to produce, we confess that we contemplate the subject with very uneasy feelings. It is most unfortunate that the railway companies should at such a time maintain their repugnance to accept those suggestions for the safety of passengers upon which the public has so frequently pronounced its opinion. The bill for compelling the companies to establish some means of communication between the passengers and guard or driver, after having been fully considered in the House of Commons, and passed by large majorities, has, on its second reading in the House of Lords, been referred to a Select Committee. This proceeding can give the public no new information, but will effectually shelve the measure for the session.

"*Quis tulerit Gracchos, de seditione querentes,*" is the first thought on reading Mr. Roebuck's late proceedings at the sittings of the Trades' Unions Commission. But it suggests far more than this—the career of a modern Cleon. Mr. Roebuck has been everything by turns. He began public life by being the paid advocate of Canada, and he has at present ended it by being the volunteer henchman of Lord Elcho. First of all he denounced the aristocracy, and now he panders to it. Seven years ago he vilified the middle-classes. Five years ago he called the working men of England, "brutes." About the same time this self-styled "Tear'em" became the poodle of the House of Hapsburg. Since that he has done his utmost to prove himself one of

"Those patriots of the world alone,
Those friends to every country but their own."

During the present session he has also done his best to help the Tories, and then, when they have flung him aside, uttered a miserable whine. His recent proceedings are in keeping. "*Qualis ab incepto.*" Mr. Roebuck illustrates in his own character the very worst passions and evils of those trades' unions over which he sits in judgment. Without expressing any opinion upon Mr. Conolly's sentiments, we say this—that nobody will have any faith in the Commission whilst Mr. Roebuck continues a member, and every one will think better of Sheffield when it ceases to have such a representative as he is.

AMONG those privileges which the corporation of London retains, apparently for the simple reason that they are privileges, is the right to have the courts of common law remove from Westminster to the Guildhall, after every term, to hold sittings. On ordinary occasions the City takes very little care as to how justice shall be housed. Two of the courts are appropriately named the "cucumber frames;" all are ill-ventilated and unhealthy, and in none is order properly kept. But when distinguished foreigners are to be entertained, then justice fares very ill indeed. Not only has the whole of the Guildhall and its approaches during the present sittings been a gigantic workshop, in which jurors, witnesses, barristers, and attorneys had to maintain a constant struggle for existence with artisans and workmen, but yesterday (Friday) the whole machinery of justice had to be suspended to make room for "civic hospitalities," and a number of people, in some cases brought together from considerable distances, and at an expense of hundreds of pounds, have been compelled to return home, or to idle about London until it is convenient for cooks and waiters to depart, and for law to resume its sway. In eight or ten years we may have an end to all this in the completion of the New Law Courts, but in the mean time some temporary remedy ought surely to be found for a state of things that is simply a national disgrace.

THE grand jury of the City of London, in making a presentment to the Recorder with regard to the recent violent assaults and robberies in the streets, point out that this form of offence appears to be on the increase, and indicates a growing disposition on the part of the criminal portion of the population to become year by year more savage and outrageous in their actions. The grand jury suggest a liberal application of the lash as the fittest punishment, and express their opinion that there is nothing from which the ruffian shrinks so much as from physical suffering, of which, though insensible to it when inflicted on others, he is keenly sensitive in his own person. There can be no doubt that the grand jury have taken a perfectly correct view of the disposition of the garrotter. Prison can have but few terrors for a wretch who has passed most of his existence within its walls. But if we are to form any opinion from the manner in which flogging-sentences are heard and the punishment itself received, there can be little doubt as to the efficacy of the lash. During the week, a fellow named Dundas was convicted at the Old Bailey of robbing a man, with brutal violence, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude and to receive twenty lashes from the cat. The penal servitude would, perhaps, have been regarded as a mere trifle, but the fear of the cat sent the prisoner howling from the dock.

WE should like to know the material of which the "heads" of departments are constructed. Leech, some years ago, drew a typical old gentleman of the Admiralty Board pointing complacently to a stupid-looking wooden tub, and insisting, with more truth than he was conscious of, "that it was made out of his own head." The Commissariat authorities, who starved the cavalry on Hounslow, ought certainly to be looked after, or they may perform their duties in a similar fashion, when the consequences might be more disastrous to us. An examination into the composition of this branch of the "service" would probably elicit that every one had done exactly what ought to be done, and that the rules of red tape had been so rigidly observed, that, like the horse trained so perfectly that he was unable to stir, the Department is so complete in its arrangements that it could not disturb the regularity of its inaction by using its faculties or functions in a practical manner.

WE have lost in Lord Justice Sir George Turner one of the most distinguished and painstaking men that the judicial bench of this

country has possessed for many years. The late Lord Justice, who was born in 1798, was educated at the Charterhouse and Pembroke College, Cambridge, and called to the Bar of Lincoln's Inn in 1821. He became Queen's Counsel in 1840, and, from 1847 to 1851, sat in the House of Commons as member for Coventry. In 1851 he was selected as one of the Vice-Chancellors, and, in 1853, when Lord Cottenham was appointed Lord Chancellor, he was raised to the place of Lord Justice of Appeal, as the colleague of the late Sir James Lewis Knight Bruce. Lord Justice Turner will long be remembered for the extreme care, conscientiousness, and power with which he discharged his duties, and for the kindly urbanity which he displayed towards every person with whom he was brought into contact.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer has made a very gratifying communication with respect to the reduction of the rates of foreign postage. Within the last few weeks a convention between our Government and that of the United States has been signed, under which, after the 1st of January next, the postage between England and America is to be reduced from 1s. to 6d.; and negotiations are now going on with Chili, Peru, and other States of Western America, to bring about a similar reduction. It is gratifying to observe the changes that have been made in the rate of postage between England and the Continent within the last two or three years. The postage between this country and Sweden has been reduced from 11d. to 6d.; with Denmark from 8d. to 4d.; and with Holland from 8d. to 3d.; and proposals are now before the Government and foreign Governments which may lead to still more extensive results.

It is a wonder that respectable actors and actresses can be got to display themselves at the Crystal Palace to the cads and snobs of London. No amount of money taken at or within the doors—no end, however charitable—can justify a resort to a method of business so degrading to those who take part in it, as that of professional people charging for the idle curiosity of the vulgar concerning their personal appearance when their stage clothes are off. But we can scarcely blame these people when, on the other hand, the "ornaments" of the peerage are ready to tumble or to squall in the sacred cause of charity, and the public rushes to look at them. The Dramatic College is a very excellent and praiseworthy institution, but the annual "revels" got up to sustain it have become so thoroughly vulgarized that we are surprised that the promoters have not this year developed them under some more select system than a general invitation to all the world to gaze at "her Majesty's servants" making fools of themselves in daylight.

MOTHERS of daughters in Scotland should hang up, in as conspicuous a position as possible, the late report of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages. At every period of life, from legal infancy to second childhood, the bachelors die long before the married men. There is something quite pathetic in the mere statistics representing so many persons relegated to the silent tomb in consequence of being unable or unwilling to sustain existence with a wife. It is dangerous, however, to consider longevity as a proof of happiness. Asthmatic people will gasp through scores of years. It may be said they do not live long because of the asthma, but in spite of it. No one, however, should think of applying such an instance to the married subjects of the figures above mentioned.

THE Marquis of Townshend has been again performing at the Strand. Our lively little contemporary, *Echoes from the Clubs*, thus indicates the character of the show:—

"WANTED AN OPPORTUNITY TO SHOW OFF.—The Marquis Townshend, Lord Arthur Pelham Clinton, and several other members of the aristocracy and hangers-on thereto, will be glad to hear of any possible opportunity of again appearing on the stage. They have already played for the Universal Beneficent Society, Mrs. Swanborough, Miss Ada Swanborough, Mr. W. H. Swanborough, Mr. Arthur Swanborough, and Mr. Frank Musgrave, and are now at their wit's end to obtain an excuse for exhibiting themselves again in public. East-end managers treated with at once. As most probably the amateur performances will speedily empty every theatre in London, the Marquis and his troupe guarantee to fill it with enthusiastic and appreciative friends. Supers with ticket-nights should not miss this opportunity."

CAPTAIN SIMPSON, R.N., has had to pay £100 and costs for flagging a delicate boy who was found on board his ship. Vice-Admiral Sir Lewis Tobias Jones, K.C.B., had known Captain Simpson since 1838, and he came forward to give the captain a first-

class character for humanity. To look at a child screaming under the lash, and order the corporal to "go on" with the whipping, does not seem to us to be consistent with a disposition for either benevolence or kind-heartedness. The Admiralty, it is said, are to pay the costs of the exhibition to which Captain Simpson treated his crew.

THE Belgians are likely to bring away with them a very flattering notion of the quality of English ladies from the ball to be held at Islington. It is perhaps fortunate that they are not well acquainted with our language. This will apply to the ball as well as to the begging advertisements in the papers, which it is to be hoped few of them are able to read.

FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

(SIXTH NOTICE.)

THE portraits at the Royal Academy rarely compare well with the rest of the works exhibited there, and the present year is no exception to the general rule. The dearth of excellence which exists in this department of English pictorial art may be assigned to more causes than one, but it would seem especially due to the obvious fact that our best painters, either from their own choice or the ignorance of their patrons, are seldom employed to paint portraits at all. In the present century portrait-painting has come to be regarded even by artists as a distinct and separate profession, to be followed by men whose aim in art is not a particularly high one. Of course this notion is caught up and adopted by the general public, who not improbably endorse it with their own conviction that "historical" or "subject" painters are incapable of transferring to canvas the likeness of a living face, although out of the depths of their imagination they may recall the memories of the past, and bring before us features which they have never seen in the flesh, invested with an expression of character as well of physical resemblance.

To any one who has given the least attention to the subject, this idea conveys its own absurdity, and it is remarkable that in a country which gave birth to Joshua Reynolds, the practice of portrait-painting should ever have fallen into aesthetical disrepute. It is nevertheless a melancholy fact, that the converse of the proposition is true, and that we have among us a set of fashionable portrait-painters, who are content to map out, year by year, the forms and features of those who sit to them, without attempting, on the one hand, to paint pictures in addition to their portraits, and on the other, to make their portraits *pictures* in the truest and best sense of the word.

Even such an artist as Mr. H. T. Wells, who can, when he chooses, do either, occasionally falls back upon the ancient *régime*, and this year treats us to two full-length likenesses of Mr. R. L. Edwards (10) and Lord Belhaven (17), which have absolutely nothing but their resemblance to recommend them. Mr. Buckner's group of simpering little misses (33), utterly devoid of the grace of childhood and true neither to nature's colour nor to any artistic ideal of beauty, seem to unite every fault to which the popular portrait-painter is prone.

Mr. J. Sant, in his portrait of Lord Francis Hervey (56), has certainly avoided the unmanageable ugliness of ordinary modern dress, but there is a species of pedantry in representing a young man in academical costume which university men would be the first to condemn.

Lady Filmer's likeness (58), by the Hon. H. Graves, as far as execution and motive are concerned, rises far above the level of the fashionable portrait-painter's aim. The white satin dress is cleverly painted, and the background, though conventional, is at least in the right key of colour, which one cannot always say of portrait backgrounds. But the head of the lady seems disproportionately large, and as the rest of the figure was probably not painted from the same model, this is possibly a real mistake on the artist's part.

Sant's portrait of "Richard, son of R. Combe, Esq." (66), an intelligent little boy, leaning in a somewhat affected attitude against a tree, with a flageolet in his hand, is well intentioned in colour, but rather too sketchy in execution. The same may be said of another child-portrait by this artist, "Alice and Eleanor," twin daughters of T. Richardson, Esq. (75), although the young ladies are picturesquely dressed and well grouped. In Buckner's "Mrs. Fryer" (79) we have another instance of that style of art which is painfully suggestive of the fashion-book. Mr. J. P. Knight is not very happy in his sitters this year, and his brush though faithful is not exactly the one most adapted for making the best of commonplace features. On the whole, perhaps, Sir Francis Grant is the most successful of the little band of portrait-painters intrusted with commissions from the "great world." The "full lengths" of Lord Stanley (198), Mr. John Clutton (108) (a vigorously painted and thoroughly English figure), and of the Duchess of Sutherland (183), have each many points of excellence to recommend them. There is more of art and expression of character—less of the tailor and milliner in them—than one finds in other works of the same class. It is, however, to be regretted that the artist allowed

a huge Newfoundland dog to occupy so prominent a place in his picture of the Duchess. Even the skill of a Landseer would hardly justify such an intrusion. The President's portrait of his brother, General Sir Hope Grant (137), is hardly equal to the other examples of his brush; and indeed it would be difficult to find any painter equal to the task of portraying, in anything like an artistic manner, the ugly and uncompromising scarlet uniform in which, by the decrees of Fate and the Horse Guards, our British army is for the most part clothed.

One of the best portraits which we have seen for some years at the Royal Academy is that of Mrs. Shand (133), by R. Herdman, a new name, if we mistake not, in the world of modern art. Here we have correct drawing, admirable colour, graceful and unaffected pose, united in a representation which would be interesting if it had nothing but its mere individuality to recommend it.

Mr. Henry Weigall, though his works have shown remarkable progress during the last few years, has nothing on this occasion which demands very special notice. His Duke of Cleveland (159) painted, as usual, in a low key, is easy and unconventional in attitude, but somewhat black in the flesh shadows. The portrait of Lady Rose Weigall is cleverly but rather coarsely painted.

Of the two portraits by Mr. Watts—viz., Herr Joachim (619) and the Dean of Westminster (207)—we decidedly prefer the latter. Both are vigorously painted; both are widely and proudly removed from the commonplace conception and mechanical finish which works of lesser aim reveal, when compared with them, to the educated eye and taste. But *power* is not the only end and aim of art. There are other qualities: of refinement, for instance, in drawing—of subtle gradation in colour—of purity in tone—of delicacy in execution, to say nothing of others which depend on a thorough knowledge of the materials with which the painter has to deal. Mr. Watts need lose nothing of his strength by keeping these more in view.

Now and then we find a portrait and background which, though associated on the same canvas, are obviously out of key either in tone or colour, as in Sant's portrait of Mr. Dennistown (215). "Antonia" (191), the half-length study of a Spanish model, is an interesting example of the skill with which the late John Phillips could realize individuality when he set himself to do so. The character and expression of this face are more easily remembered than the stirring incidents of many a subject picture in the Exhibition, to say nothing of its superiority of mere workmanship to most portraits on the walls. We must pass over Winterhalter's Mrs. Vanderbyl (257) in silence, for it belongs to a class of art with which we have no more sympathy than with the Royal portraits with which this painter's name was first associated. If Mr. Desanges—who, as another foreign artist, won for himself some years ago a less cheaply-earned popularity in this country—had bestowed as much care upon the features of his Rosalind (272) as upon the texture of her satin dress, it would have been a very successful picture. As it is, the lady has no more expression than a pretty doll.

The equestrian portrait—if it may be so called—of Miss Magniac (288), by N. T. Wells, occupies an important place in the middle room, and is rendered all the more conspicuous by the brilliant colour of the young lady's riding-habit. The pony from which she has just dismounted is painted with a solidity which is almost startling for a life-size picture. Indeed, it appears to have been more carefully studied than anything in the group, for the drapery of the figure wants texture and other accessories—as, for instance, the brick wall seems anything but true to fact. Whether a realistic treatment of such a subject should or should not be aimed at, may be a question of taste. But if the principle be adopted at all, it should be adopted in its entirety. Having said thus much, we can only add that this work is one of very few belonging to the class in this year's Exhibition which deserves to be remembered as a work of real art.

Mr. J. R. Swinton sends three portraits in oil and one in chalk. Among the former is one of Mrs. Broke (293), which, though unsatisfactory in its flesh tints, bears evidence of a better style than his ordinary works. It may be sometimes an advantage and sometimes a disadvantage to the portrait-painter that the likenesses of our most eminent "men of the time" are so constantly kept before us in the photograph-shops, but none who remember the characteristic features of the Bishop of London can fail to pronounce his portrait by Mr. S. Hodges a decided success, and if only in support of what we have previously said on the subject, we must remind our readers that this artist does not limit his efforts to the field of portraiture. A collection of his subject pictures has been, and, we believe, is still, on view at Heath's Fine-Art Gallery this season.

Since the days of Sir Walter Scott, and the revival of clan traditions, the Highland dress has been popularly supposed to be the national costume of every Briton born north of the Tweed. That it has its picturesque points we freely admit, but they are, unfortunately, too much associated with the stage, the Caledonian ball, and the Scotch plaid shops, to attract by their novelty. Mr. Napier has no doubt done his best with the gorgeous and appropriate habiliments of James Lawrie, Esq. (398), but the result is not one which we can recommend for high artistic excellence. Another attempt at "costume" may be recognised in Mr. Baccani's portrait of Mrs. Legh (411), but the colours are ill-chosen, and there is nothing in the execution of the picture to redeem it from the mediocrity of less ambitious work.

Perhaps the best instance of sensible and unaffected departure from conventionality in the way of dress, is that noticeable in the

excellent portrait of Lord Spencer, by Mr. Wells (629). Here we have a loose-fitting greenish velveteen blouse, just buttoned across the chest, and forming an admirable substitute, at least on canvas, for the ugly straight-cut coat and waistcoat of ordinary wear. Great praise is due to Mr. A. Hughes for his well-composed and carefully-painted family group of Mr. Pattinson's children (418), to which we have already referred, as well as to Mr. C. Martin's capital portrait of Mr. Bonomi (493). John Gilbert's "Rembrandt" (564), though not strictly within our present category, may be mentioned as an admirable example of the manner in which portraiture might still be treated by the modern brush, but for our hideous and unmanageable costume. In the North Room are a few "crayon" heads, but less than is usual in number, and of no great merit, judged by the standard of preceding years.

[By a clerical error in our last notice, the name of Mr. Armitage was accidentally substituted for that of Mr. T. Armstrong, in connection with his picture of "The Lesson" (594).]

MUSIC.

THE great event of the past week, and indeed of the whole season, has been the production of Gounod's latest opera, "Roméo et Juliette," which was brought out at the Royal Italian Opera on Thursday last, in an Italian version, as "Romeo e Giulietta." For the present we can merely record the fact, leaving comment and detail for our next number. With the exception of this important speciality, there has been a comparative lull in musical matters during the past week—the concert season being virtually over, the last important entertainment of the kind having been Mr. Charles Hallé's eighth and concluding Pianoforte Recital, which took place at St. James's Hall on Friday (yesterday) week. During the series of these interesting performances, Mr. Hallé has played all Schubert's great solo sonatas, and all Beethoven's sonatas for pianoforte and violoncello, besides various specimens from the works of other classical composers of pianoforte music. The merits of this accomplished artist have been, on this as many previous occasions, amply manifested by his finished execution and earnest interpretation of many of the greatest productions in the various styles of pianoforte music; and his powers of interesting a large audience have been proved by the full attendances of earnest listeners drawn together by the attraction of Mr. Hallé's own performances; aided in the duet sonatas of Beethoven by the violoncello playing of Signor Piatti.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

MR. BUCKSTONE revived last week at his benefit George Colman the Younger's comedy, "Who wants a Guinea?" A more old-fashioned, stagey, worthless production, destitute of character or interest, it would be difficult to find; but it belongs to the early part of the century, is associated with the names of Munden, Fawcett, John and Charles Kemble, Lewis, Emery, Simmons, &c., and must therefore be admired by all well-regulated playgoers. People of a more vulgar stamp may think it a pity that such a company of actors were not employed in giving life to better materials: but it requires a very sour critic to say so. Mr. Buckstone played the part of Solomon Gundy—a bad Mr. Malaprop—the humour of whose bad French has been far exceeded by the lodging-house landlord in the modern Anglo-French farce of "Ici on parle Français."

The immoral French drama is a scandal and disgrace; the moral French drama is a bore. A sample of the latter—more dismal than "Ivy Hall"—was produced at the Haymarket Theatre on Monday night, under the title of "The Coquette," to introduce Miss Amy Sedgwick. It is a version by two adapters of a French drama about eleven or twelve years old, known as "Madame Lovelace," and shows how a frivolous woman is punished for slighting one lover by falling in love with another, who openly rejects her affection at an evening party. The plot is uninteresting, and the actors are colourless where they are not prominently stupid and sermonizing. Miss Sedgwick doubtless fancied she had got a good part in the heroine, but what often reads very well in the green-room acts very flatly on the stage. Mr. Howe plays a didactic doctor, who would not disgrace a bishop's apron; and Mr. Kendal—a very gentlemanly though slightly insipid actor—plays the successful lover. Something a little more improper might be more brilliant.

The amateur performance at the Haymarket Theatre last Saturday morning for the benefit of the family of the late Paul Gray, was a financial success. It was chiefly managed by Mr. Tom Hood. The amateur burlesque of "Robinson Crusoe," produced on the occasion, will doubtless be bought by some enterprising manager, probably by Mr. Buckstone.

Mr. Boucicault's comedy, "How She Loves Him," which was acted by the author and his wife at Liverpool before the production of "Arrah na Pogue," will be first introduced to a London audience next season at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

Nothing of much importance has been produced at the St. James's Theatre by the French company now performing there, except "Famille Benoiton," which, originally announced for only two representations, has been continued during the whole week, attracting numerous and fashionable audiences. This famous satire upon French manners of the present day, which was long the rage

in Paris, has been imperfectly presented to English audiences in the feeble translation produced at the Adelphi Theatre under the title of "The Fast Family." The objections which have been made to the play on the score of propriety do not appear to us to have much foundation, at all events, they are not felt in witnessing the original, in which the dialogue is always refined and clever. If vices and follies are to be satirized at all, it is not easy to see how this can be done if objectionable things are not to be alluded to. But, in truth, there is nothing in the "Famille Benoiton" which the most squeamish need take offence at. There is, it is true, a lady who is supposed by a jealous husband to have committed adultery; but she turns out to have done nothing of the kind, while the suspicion she has laboured under, and the temptations to which she has exposed herself in gratifying her extravagance and love of excitement, help to work out the moral of the piece. It is in the English version only, where the delicacy of treatment of the original are altogether lost, that these things are felt to be repulsive. M. Ravel performs the part of Champrosé, for which he is certainly too old; but it is perhaps unreasonable to expect that a French company, imported for the purpose of giving London audiences a round of French plays, can always fit the part to the actor. Mlle. Deschamps was graceful and intelligent in the part of Clotilde. The performance of M. Hoguet as old Tormichel was in every respect admirable; but a clever little girl, La Petite Gerard, carried off the crown of applause in the part of Fanfan Benoiton, the little boy who speculates and gambles after the fashion of his father.

SCIENCE.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

M. Zaliwski-Mikorski continues his inquiries into the various means of perfecting the voltaic pile. His latest results show that by increasing the height of the elements without altering their base, a current proportionate to the height may be obtained. He recommends the following method for increasing the energy and permanency of a Bunsen's battery:—Place two porous vessels one within the other; into the first, containing the carbon, pour nitric acid; into the second, sulphuric acid; finally, into the outer vessel, containing the zinc, pour sal-ammoniac. There is no effervescence, and the zinc undergoes no useless destruction.

The results obtained by the use of Marey's myograph have been called in question by M. Rouget, a very distinguished French histologist. M. Rouget, who has been examining muscular contractions with the assistance of the microscope, does not corroborate the opinion lately expressed that during contraction the muscular fibre is in a state of vibration. On the contrary, he states that permanent contraction does not consist of a series of successive shocks or waves. The muscles of living animals in a state of sustained contraction, appear perfectly motionless when examined by the microscope. The undulations traced by the myograph exist according to M. Rouget, only during the period of variable contraction when the exciting influence has not displayed sufficient intensity to call the muscle into complete contraction. When, for example, a powerful electric current is substituted for a weak one, the vibrations, before evident, entirely disappear, the muscle remaining in a perfectly rigid state.

Bromide of potassium is a drug so much employed now in the treatment of nervous diseases, and especially of hysteria and epilepsy, that the results of experiments with it on the lower animals are of great interest. Such experiments have just been made, and recorded by MM. Eulenberg and Guttmann. These physiologists injected a solution of the bromide containing 2 to 4 grammes (from 30 to 40 grains troy) beneath the skin of dogs, and found it produce considerable disturbance of the heart, together with diminution of sensibility, and of the power of voluntary movement. Death followed in from ten to forty minutes, being caused invariably by paralysis of the heart. This result was confirmed by a large number of experiments on frogs and other animals.

Mr. Titchborne, of Dublin, following the example of Dr. Letheby, has been analyzing the mud from the Dublin streets. He finds the substance to contain about 24 per cent. of organic matter, which he thinks may be injurious in the form of dust as it is blown about into the eyes and mouths and nostrils of the inhabitants. He suggests, therefore, mixing carbolic acid with the water employed in "laying" the dust. We think Mr. Titchborne's fears of the influence of the organic matter in spreading such an epidemic as cholera are unfounded. The *fosses mobiles* system is happily not at work in our large cities, and the presence of dangerous excretions in street mud is therefore an extreme improbability.

A correspondent of the *Chemical News* offers a suggestion relative to the extinction of fires resulting from burning oil, which may prove useful. *Apropos* of the recent terrible conflagration at the oil-distillery of Hackney Wick, it mentions that the effect of the water poured upon the flames was simply to extend the burning surface by distributing the oil in every direction. He proposes that in such cases in future clay or lime should be thrown upon the flames. It is the only means of extinguishing oil-fires, as has been proved in several instances.

A decree approving of the nomination of M. Yon-Villarcéau to the last of the three places created in the section of Geography

and Navigation, has been received by the French Academy from the Minister d'Instruction Publique.

Professor Agassiz has written a letter to M. Elie de Beaumont, describing the geological character of the Amazon Valley. He states that the valley consists of a species of mud, of which portions are extremely hard; it extends from Para to Peru, and appears to rest on a Cretaceous deposit. The river has cut its bed through the mud, and this latter has, in some instances, a depth of nearly a thousand feet.

M. Clausius has completed the second portion of his essay on the mechanical theory of heat. It relates to the application of the mechanical theory to the heat produced by electrical action. It contains also some observations on the general theory, intended to facilitate the application of the fundamental equations of the mechanical theory.

Badly as English chemistry and pharmacy were represented at the French Exhibition it is satisfactory to know that England stood first among foreign nations. Of the gold medals successfully competed for, France, of course, obtained the largest share, twenty-seven; England comes next, seven. Belgium received one, Austria six, Holland one, Wurtemberg three, Hesse one, Prussia five, Italy one, and Bavaria one.

An ingenious rotating adjustable microscope-table has been constructed by Messrs. Loam & Fearn. It is intended to be employed on a circular loo-table, round which a number of persons are seated. It is triangular in form. The apex swings on a pivot, which rests on the centre of the loo-table, and the base is provided with rollers. The lamp being placed near the apex, and the microscope near the base, and adjusted to each other, the microscope-table can then be passed, like a roulette-board, round from one person to another without any alteration in adjustment. Microscope-workers will appreciate so useful, though simple, a contrivance.

Two of our contemporaries have undergone a metamorphosis of form and type. The *British Medical Journal* now appears as a bold quarto, printed in the *Pall Mall* style. The *Chemical News* has attempted a similar change, but has not been so successful in the result obtained.

M. Raimbert suggests the employment of medical snuffs as an improved mode of applying therapeutic agents. The medicines administered by the nose must be in a state of fine powder, and are rapidly absorbed. M. Raimbert gives several cases in proof of the importance of his idea, which, we may observe, is by no means a novel one.

M. Janssen has been examining with his spectroscope the flames proceeding from the volcanoes of Santorin and Stromboli, and has written a letter to M. Saint-Claire Deville giving his results. He had much difficulty in employing the spectroscope, owing to the quantity of fine powdery matter mixed with the flame. However, he has demonstrated the presence in the flames of sodium in large quantity, and of chlorine, carbon, and copper in smaller proportions. The flame itself results from the combustion of hydrogen.

In a note addressed to the French Academy relative to the importance of studying ancient Chinese records, M. Paravey expresses a doubt that the basalt statue of King Chephren, supposed to be six thousand years old, could have been chiselled with flint implements.

The Abbé Migne has written a letter to the director of one of the Parisian schools denouncing the use of tobacco, as injurious to the nervous system. The Abbé Moigno, who has a certain scientific reputation, and who is the editor of *Les Mondes*, coincides with his brother Abbé, and states, as the result of his own experience, that tobacco is productive of serious mental disturbance. A paper read at the last meeting of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of London, by Mr. Hutchinson, shows that a large amount of nervous eye disease results from tobacco smoking, and this, to a certain extent, confirms the view that excessive smoking is injurious. Is it, however, as destructive as excessive drinking or eating?

The Scientific club at the Palais Royal, of which so much was lately predicted, has, we regret to learn, ceased to exist.

Messrs. Johnson and Blake, of New Haven, have published an important paper on the constitution of clays in the last number of *Silliman's Journal*. They find that such substances as pipeclay, kaolin, and fireclay, all contain a peculiar crystalline material, which they propose to term kaolinite. Submitted to the microscope, these clays appear white by reflected, but translucent by transmitted light. Interspersed among the particles which make up the bulk of the clay, may be seen numerous crystalline masses, which, when mixed with water, appear as minute transparent plates of 0.0001 of an inch in breadth.

A critical list of the plants of Hawaii (Sandwich Islands) is being published by Mr. Horace Mann in the Proceedings of the American Academy. This is not the first flora published. If we mistake not, Dr. B. Seemann has already done good work in this direction. However, Mr. Mann we learn is making numerous additions, the result of his own experience of the Hawaiian plants.

The juice of the leaves of the plant Madar (*Asclepias gigantea*) is much used by the Thakoor of Oudh to destroy their female infants. This is the more serious, from the fact, that till the researches we are about to refer to were made, little was known as to the post-mortem effects of the poison. Mr. McReddie, a medical officer of Hurdui,

has now, however, taken the matter up, and, in the *Indian Medical Gazette* for June, publishes his observations of the post-mortem effects in various animals experimented on with Madar. To our excellent contemporary we must refer Indian readers for further details.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

THE expected abundance of money on the payment of the dividends has been fully realized. It has been occasionally found difficult to obtain as little as 2 per cent. on three months' bills, and transactions are privately reported at a fraction less. It is said that about fifteen years ago first-class paper was cashed at $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but this operation was then and since considered purely exceptional. Now we have got to $1\frac{3}{4}$, and there appears a strong probability that $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. will again be touched, not for a time, but for a comparative permanence. Some surprise was expressed yesterday that the Bank minimum had not been lowered; but this alteration is only a question of a week or two. It really is of no particular moment. Certainly, as far as the commercial classes are generally concerned, the Bank may keep their terms at any point they please. As we have already had occasion to remark, it is of no possible consequence to a trader discounting an ordinary three months' bill, whether the Bank choose to demand $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. when in the open market $1\frac{3}{4}$ or $1\frac{7}{8}$ is the ruling price. If, however, the directors intend to follow their old policy of regulating their rate by the ordinary fluctuations of the day, it is difficult to see why they abstained from making any reduction yesterday. The change must come, and to put it off appears more likely to do harm than good. According to the latest accounts further large sums in specie are coming over from the United States. The position of the foreign exchange is such as to preclude any profit by shipments to the Continent. Hence, the whole of the amounts now in course of transmission to this country must inevitably go into the Bank. The accumulation of bullion there has already risen above any previous total, and, according to present indications, it is difficult to conjecture when the advance is likely to stop. From all quarters we have news of fresh incomings, at a time when the usual sources of employment are completely dried up. Trade generally languishes as much as ever. In all mercantile business scarcely anything more than what are called "hand-to-mouth" transactions take place. Enterprise, safe or speculative, has perhaps never been more stagnant. A couple of years ago and people were in the mood to trust every project, however hopeless it might have been ascertained to be by the most cursory examination. Now they have varied their tactics and place confidence in nothing. So great is the dislike of joint-stock companies, that we believe if the prospectus of the Bank of England were to come out to-morrow, it would be with the greatest difficulty that the shares could be kept at a premium.

Meanwhile the usual concomitants of a cheap money-market—a rise in the value of all kinds of securities—has not occurred at present. The funds are firm, chiefly because, with few exceptions, people will buy nothing else. These exceptions are Indian Government and guaranteed railway stocks which have been run up to a considerable height, the former especially. As for foreign bonds, there appears no chance that they will come into general favour. Spanish Passive and certificates alone form the chief source of speculation, as they have done for a long time back. According to the general opinion, it is admitted that the new law for regulating the financial affairs of Spain deals at all events sharply with the holders of the Passive Bonds. These proprietors at least possess a statutory security which has been systematically evaded for years past. If it had been carried out, the whole debt would have been redeemed a long time ago. There is no dispute that the claims of the Passive bondholders are specifically far stronger than those of the certificate-holders. The difference is much the same as that of a creditor on a mortgage and that of a creditor on a simple debt. In the first case the double wrong has been committed of both violating the original obligation, and next of confiscating the special security on which it is based. As concerns the certificates, the most that can be said is repudiation pure and simple. Yet these last creditors are to fare better, all things considered, than their more unlucky co-proprietors in the Passive Debt. Only one explanation can be found for this difference. The Spanish Government know perfectly well that if a loan is wanted the best chance of getting it is in England. It is, therefore, better worth while to conciliate the London Stock Exchange than all the Continental Bourses put

together. Hence the Ministry at Madrid have come to the conclusion that it is a more judicious policy to do the most for the certificate-holders, who are mainly English, and the very least possible for the Passives, of which a considerable, if not the larger part, is placed abroad. The justice of this policy may be questioned. Neither nations nor individuals benefit by sharp practice. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred these doubtful expedients recoil with additional force upon the authors. Lessons of this sort, however, take some time to be learnt, especially by backward and semi-barbarous countries.

Railway stocks appear to have fallen into almost hopeless discredit. The only reason for not expecting an almost general fall is that the public are invariably unwilling to sell before the half-yearly dividends are declared. At any rate, they show no disposition to buy. The troubles and financial difficulties of railway companies have in fact reached their culminating point. It was many years ago predicted that unless a change of policy were adopted, the railway system would be seriously endangered. The crisis long ridiculed by partial or interested friends has come at length, and no one seems to know what to do. Great railway reputations are wrecked almost every day without the least compensating advantage. A chairman or director leaves office, but his successor proves no more efficient. It seems strange that in a business-like country such as ours somebody cannot be found to devise a practical remedy for the troubles into which our railways have sunk. There is unfortunately but little appearance of this consummation. Railway finance seems to be a *crux* which is impracticable to the most experienced bankers and merchants in the kingdom.

Mr. Leeman's Act on the Sale of Shares still excites discontent among a small party on the Stock Exchange, but the opposition is at the best feeble. Of course, complaints have been poured forth of the hindrance to business by the operation of the Act. This was naturally to be expected, and equally may be altogether disregarded. The transactions in joint-stock bank shares are in ordinary times by no means numerous, and at present no one, even among those who complain of being most injured, have brought forward any real ground of grievance.

The quotation of gold at Paris is about at par, and the short exchange on London is $25\cdot17\frac{1}{2}$ per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is about the same price in Paris and London.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at 60 days' sight was on the 6th inst. about 110 per cent. At this rate there is a small profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

Consols are now quoted $94\frac{1}{2}$ to 95, ex div. for money, and 95 to $\frac{1}{2}$, ex div., for the account (August 8); and the Three per Cents. Reduced and New Three per Cents., $94\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$.

The Secretary of State for India in Council has given notice that the amount for which tenders of bills of exchange will be received at the Bank on Wednesday, the 17th instant, on the terms issued, dated the 10th November, 1863, will be rupees 27,00,000, of which not more than 10,00,000 will be drawn on the Government of Bombay.

The Board of Inland Revenue have given notice that in all cases in which the amount of a dividend or interest-coupon is deducted from an instalment due on any foreign or colonial loan, they will require payment of income-tax in respect to such deduction. Thus, in future, instead of a deduction of the full amount of the dividend or interest-coupon being allowed in part payment of instalments on such loans, it will be less the income-tax due thereon.

The following gold-vessels are now due, and may be expected to arrive within the next few days:—The *Wellesley*, from Melbourne, with £89,788; the *Omar Pasha*, do., with £159,976, and the *Dover Castle*, do., with £132,116; and the *Christiana Thompson*, from Sydney, £11,860.

The following companies are now seeking loans on railway debentures:—Great Western, bearing 5 per cent. interest, for three, five, or seven years, to replace a portion of those falling due; London and Blackwall, for three or five years, at 5 per cent. interest; London and South-Western, to pay off those now falling due; London, Tilbury, and Southend, all outlay on the line has long since ceased, the capital account is closed, and there are no debts or claims of any description to compete with those of the debenture-holders, the net revenue of the line being sufficient to pay the debenture interest several times over; London, Brighton, and South Coast, at 5 per cent. per annum; Metropolitan, in sums of not less than £1,000, for two years at 5 per cent., five years at $4\frac{1}{2}$, or seven years at $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.; Metropolitan District, in sums of not less than £100, on the following terms, viz.:—6 per cent. per annum for three years; $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum for five years; 5 per cent. per annum for seven years; Midland, in sums of £100 and upwards for four years and upwards; South-Eastern, to the extent of £300,000, for three years, at 5 per cent., with the option of the lenders to convert the same into debenture-stock at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum., at any time during the pendency of the bonds.

The National Discount Company proposes a dividend for the half-year at the rate of 17 per cent. per annum. The distribution made at each of the four preceding half years was at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE SEVEN WEEKS' WAR.*

MR. HOZIER'S record of the German war of 1866 is a brilliant example of those military histories which are peculiarly the product of our own day. Unlike our ancestors, who feverishly awaited the issue of a gazette in war time, we nowadays feel but a languid and secondary interest in the despatches of a commander in the field. Electricity flashes us the results of an action ere it is concluded, and the letters of special or military correspondents abundantly satisfy the public eagerness for the details of a hard-fought field. To connect a series of these admirable word-paintings into a panoramic whole, and to demonstrate the strategic plan of the campaign is more particularly the task of the professional historian who has sprung up to supply the increasing popular demand for military knowledge. Probably the official reports of Sir Hugh Rose, in which the operations of his Central Indian campaign are described, were the first examples of how mere despatches might be expanded into interesting military history. Nor were they less instructive as marking the great advance made in this line of writing since the time the public were fain to be satisfied with the Crimean meteorological reports of Sir James Simpson. The necessary combination of professional knowledge and literary ability, such as are possessed by the present Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, is, of course, not often to be met with. But if a war of the future should ever find Mr. Hozier in high military command, our national archives will certainly be enriched by the products of a picturesque and powerful pen.

Histories like Mr. Hozier's "Seven Weeks' War" may perhaps seem open to the charge of being written with an immaturity or insufficiency of knowledge regarding the more hidden and interesting occurrences of the campaign described. Nor is the mental vision of the historian of such recent events as those of 1866 likely to be free from the distortion produced by present prejudices or passions. We are not entirely prepared to combat this view or assert that it is totally devoid of truth. A complete and exhaustive history of the German War would no doubt clear up many points which Mr. Hozier leaves very properly in some uncertainty. But these are scarcely likely to be elucidated until years have passed, and the lives of the actors in the events described have been brought to a close. With regard to the events themselves, there is no room for difference of opinion, while the effects of the most important occurrences are indisputable. The curious in these matters may very reasonably attempt to account for the halt of Prince Frederick Charles on the 25th of June, for the indecision of Benedek's attack on the Crown Prince, or for the unopposed occupation of Chlum by the Prussian Guards. But the results of these circumstances are before us all, and the lessons they convey are neither vitiated nor made less useful by our ignorance of their proximate causes. Much, also, would have been lost if the vivid impressions derived from a personal experience of the campaign, and a practical acquaintance with the first working of a novel and carefully-prepared system of warlike administration had been allowed to lose its freshness. A Napier might very justly allow time to mellow the glories achieved by our veterans of the Peninsular campaigns, while Mr. Hozier might fail in his duty to his country in preferring a praiseworthy though pedantic accuracy to the infinitely more important end which this work places before every Englishman. To us it seems that were Mr. Hozier's present record of the Seven Weeks' War as untrustworthy as it is precisely the contrary, a debt of gratitude would still be due to him, for his complete and careful description of the Prussian military administration. A faithful picture of that organization which has achieved such astonishing results is well worthy of study by those who are unable to move a few squadrons of cavalry from Aldershot to Hounslow without exposing man and horse to the risk of starvation. As regards this point we commend the following extract to the especial notice of our War-office authorities:—

"When a Prussian army with its unimpaired strength is preparing to fight a battle in an enemy's country, when supplies of men are already coming up in anticipation of the losses which the action will cause, and when its lines of communication are guarded and secured by the garrison troops in its rear, it musters an enormous number of soldiers, who must every day be provided with food, without which a man can neither fight, march, nor live; and not only must it provide for itself alone, but also for the prisoners of the enemy who may fall into its hands—not only food, but hospitals, medicines, and attendants for the sick, surgeries, assistants, and appliances for the wounded, and the means of conveying both sick and wounded from the places where they fall helpless to convenient spots where they may be tended and healed at a safe distance from the danger of battle, or of being taken in case of a sudden advance of the enemy. It is extremely difficult from mere figures to realize what a gigantic undertaking it has been to supply even food alone to the armies which have fought in the late campaign. The difficulties of such a task may be conceived if we remember that the front line of the Prussian armies in front of Vienna mustered nine times the number of British troops with which Lord Raglan invaded the Crimea; that close behind this line lay General Mülbe's reserve corps, and a corps of the army of Silesia, which was watching Olmutz, and that these two corps alone were stronger by 4,000 men than all the British, German, and Spanish troops that fought at Talavera; that behind them again was a large mass of Landwehr; that during the siege of Sebastopol the British army

was stationary, and had the great advantage of sea transport to within a few miles of its camps, while in the late campaign the Prussian army has been moving forward at an enormously rapid rate, and that the men to be fed in the front line alone numbered 250,000—a population as large as that of the twelfth part of London. It would be a bold man who would undertake to supply the twelfth part of the whole population of London with to-morrow's food; a bolder still who would undertake the task if this portion of the population were about to move bodily to-morrow morning down to Richmond, and would require to have the meat for their dinner delivered to them the moment they arrived there; and who, without railway transport, agreed to keep the same crowd daily provided with food until, moving at the same rate, they arrived at Plymouth; and yet a general has to do much more than this in giving food to his men,—he has, besides the ordinary difficulties of such a task, to calculate upon bad roads, weary horses, breaking waggons, the attacks of an enemy's cavalry; he has not only to get the food to the troops, but in many cases he has to provide it in the first place; he has to keep his magazines constantly stocked, to increase the amount of transports in exact proportion as his troops advance; to feed not only the fighting men, but all the men who are employed in carrying provisions to the combatants; to find hay and corn for all the horses of the cavalry and for the horses of the transport waggons, and to arrange beforehand so that every man and horse shall halt for the night in close proximity to a large supply of good water. This is not the lightest nor the least of a general's duties. It was the proud boast of England's great soldier, that 'many could lead troops, he could feed them.'"

Such a passage, which not only recounts what should be the capabilities of the non-combatant branches of an army, but which also comprises what was actually accomplished by the Prussians in the field, should cause every Englishman to regard in its true aspect our own impotent and effete organization. The contempt, if not the execration, of posterity, will possibly fall on a generation which shall continue to treat with such cynical indifference our existing state of military maladministration. In the hour of future trial, neither voluntary enlistment, nor British courage, nor Snider rifles, nor Palliser shot, will avail to avert that inevitable disaster, which our War-office and Horse-Guards authorities seem united in their efforts to insure for the British nation.

With these remarks we proceed to a brief analysis of the contents of Mr. Hozier's work, the commencement of which consists of a well-written account of the incidents which followed the Danish war, and the consequent dissolution of the German Confederation. From the fencing and chicanery of diplomacy, we pass to what is more especially the instructive portion of Mr. Hozier's record. With great industry and clearness the military systems and resources of the different States which took part in the war are placed before the reader. As was natural, Mr. Hozier has devoted some considerable space in showing more particularly how the armies of Prussia are raised, trained, organized, and fed; how they are supplied with arms and munitions of war; how they are cared for in sickness; and, finally, how their losses in men and material are supplied, and their advance so assured by reserves. It is impossible, within our limits, to give any adequate notion of the wisdom and foresight of the Prussian system on all these heads. The extract we have already quoted gives some idea of what was actually accomplished; but he who has sufficient industry to study the detailed account of Mr. Hozier, will be amply repaid for his pains, and will find a probable and sufficient solution of the problem of the Prussian successes.

We pass on to that portion of the work which is more strictly descriptive and stored with incident; with much of which many readers have already been charmed in the columns of the *Times*. The campaign in Bohemia, coming as it did under the personal cognizance of the author, is by far the most interesting and striking portion of the history. The campaign on the Maine, though written with conscientious research, lacks that crispness of effect which is peculiarly one of Mr. Hozier's literary attributes; while the campaign in Italy would also seem open to this exception, and may indeed be described, in addition, as a mere skeleton history of bald facts.

The narrative of the Bohemian campaign naturally falls into two divisions until the junction of the first and second armies, previous to the battle of Königgrätz. Although the Crown Prince of Prussia may have some natural regret that the lot of our author was to accompany the head-quarters of Prince Frederick Charles, it is not easy to conceive that the chiefs of the second Prussian army can have any just cause of pique in perusing the record of their exploits against superior Austrian forces. Full justice is done by Mr. Hozier to the exploits of the left invading column, though at the same time it may be gathered that the Austrian misfortunes on the Silesian frontier were due rather to the bad generalship of Benedek than to the genius of the Prussian commander.

A succeeding generation will probably bear more heavily on the reputation of the Austrian Feldzeugmeister than the living one, which sympathizes to some extent with the embittered old age of a gallant manhood. With the whole of his command (excepting Clam Gallas and the Saxons) available on his right, it will be inconceivable to military critics of a future age how any past services could condone the grievous fault of allowing the junction of the invading Prussian wings. The picture Mr. Hozier gives us of Königgrätz is a most effective one, and as interesting to the general as it is instructive to the professional reader; while his observations on the causes which determined the advance of Prince Frederick Charles on Sadowa fully relieves that commander from the imputations of rashness which have in some quarters been thrown on him.

* The Seven Weeks' War: Its Antecedents and Incidents. By H. M. Hozier, F.C.S., F.G.S. London: Macmillan & Co.

Of the use of railways, of the worth of cavalry, and of the terrible effects of breechloading musketry, this work contains many useful and instructive examples. But on these our space does not admit further remark. We have read Mr. Hozier's book with great pleasure, and we may therefore deprecate the somewhat hasty way in which it has apparently undergone revision—a haste which has entailed too large a number of printer's and other errors.

THE WORTHIES OF CUMBERLAND.*

MEN like Curwen and Blamire, though their names stand not at the top of the roll of fame, deserve to have the story of their lives recorded, if it were only for the spirit of sincerity and the strong manliness which characterized them. No earnest and vigorous man working with an honest purpose can fail, no matter how humble his position, to leave something memorable behind him. But John Christian Curwen and his nephew had great things to do, and did them worthily. It did not fall to their lot to be captains in the great struggles through which England passed in their day; but as lieutenants they rendered services to their country which entitle them to be held in honoured remembrance. Nay, in some respects they were themselves leaders of men. Curwen had reached the prime of life when he turned his mind to the improvement of agriculture. His native county, with its neighbour Westmoreland, lagged far behind the rest of England in husbandry at the beginning of this century, when even the best English farming was very inferior to that of Holland. Dr. Lonsdale recalls some amusing instances of the obstructive spirit in which improvements were met in that day farther north than Cumberland. When the winnowing-machine was first introduced into East Lothian the peasantry looked doubtfully upon grain cleaned by "artificially created wind;" while the clergy would have it that winds were made by God alone, and that it was irreligious in a man to raise wind for himself. Draining was hardly heard of, the implements of husbandry were of the rudest character, and the food of the people was as poor as their culture of the land. Curwen was resolved that Cumberland should not endure this reproach if he could help it, and for thirty years he laboured to remove it, corresponding with every authority of note upon agricultural matters, testing every suggestion, visiting Scotland, Ireland, and the best cultivated parts of England and the Continent for information, and not sparing his own purse in the useful but rarely remunerative undertakings of an experimental farmer. The result was a complete revolution in the farming of the six northern counties, and the establishment—though this was rather a means to the end—of the Workington Agricultural Society, the first effort of its kind in Cumberland, whose annual meeting attracted from all parts a crowd of dukes, earls, lords, and ladies, and whose annual reports constituted at that time an invaluable addition to agricultural literature. Dr. Lonsdale dwells lovingly upon the energy with which Curwen prosecuted his beneficent hobby, and on the clearness of sight with which he adopted all those suggestions for the enrichment and cultivation of the soil which have since become canons in the science of farming. "Mr. Curwen," he writes, "was known as an experimental farmer from the dawn of the century, as well as being a sincere friend of the farmers, and one of the most strenuous supporters of their interests in Parliament. Moreover, his home influence, his frankness, and fine hospitality, acted like a magnetic force in drawing around him friends, political supporters, and even political opponents, . . . so that he could, and did, accomplish a larger amount of practical good in agriculture than any other man in Cumberland before or since his time; and this was to be attributed, not to the extent of his acreage or landlord influence, but to his personal character and thoroughness of action in all his undertakings." Such a man was, of all others, the most calculated to rally to his side the Liberal electors of his county. His opinions were in some respects in advance of the Liberalism of the present day, especially as regards our government of Ireland, and he has the more right to have this fact recorded to his honour because he lived at a time when Liberal and Jacobite were, by the Court, the aristocracy, and a majority of the gentry, regarded as convertible terms. How Curwen fought the Carlisle electors, and how they stood by him, is well told in this volume, where also we have a graphic picture of the eating, drinking, rallying, and fighting to which a contested borough was given up day after day until the Reform Act reduced the polling to a single day. In Parliament Curwen was one of the ablest lieutenants of the great Whig leaders, and on one occasion had recourse to the bold expedient of appearing in the House, dressed in the garb of a Cumberland labourer, carrying a loaf and a cheese under his arms, in order, by this personal illustration of the wretched clothing and food which were the lot of the peasantry in the North to rouse the callous senses of their legislators. In all things an uncompromising man, he forfeited the friendship of Burke rather than for courtesy conceal his sentiments. Curwen himself gives the account of this incident. Soon after the opening of Parliament in 1790, Burke made his famous onslaught on Fox for his republican opinions. After the adjournment of the House, and "whilst I was waiting for my carriage," writes Curwen, "Mr. Burke came up and requested, as the night was wet, that I would set him down. I could

not refuse, though I felt a reluctance in complying. As soon as the carriage door was shut, he complimented me on being no friend to the revolutionary doctrines of the French, on which he spoke with great warmth for a few minutes, when he paused to afford me an opportunity of approving the view he had taken of those measures in the House. Former experience had taught me the consequence of dissenting from his opinions, yet at the moment I could not help feeling disinclined to stifle my sentiments. In a few words I declared that I differed most completely from him—that I sincerely wished to every nation a constitution as free as our own, and that the cause of liberty might triumph all over the world. Mr. Burke, catching hold of the check-string, furiously exclaimed, 'You are one of these people! set me down!' With some difficulty I restrained him. We had then reached Charing-cross. Silence ensued, which was preserved till we reached his house, Gerard-street, when he hurried out of the carriage without speaking, and thus our intercourse ended."

No man was ever better entitled to rank amongst the "worthies" of his county than John Christian Curwen, and on the same pedestal deserves to stand his nephew, William Blamire, of The Oaks and Thackwood Nook, who had the singular merit of designing the plan for the commutation of the tithes of England and Wales, and—a still more difficult task—that of carrying it out to a successful issue. It is only five years since he passed away from us, having received no more recognition of his services from "a grateful country" than the salary which he earned a dozen times over, and which is paid to scores of men who in their whole lives do not get through as much work as Blamire accomplished in a single year. Three things are remarkable in the life of this extraordinary man,—his clear and perfect comprehension of any subject he took in hand; his abnegation of himself whenever the public advantage was concerned; and his astonishing powers of endurance. What he accomplished in the commutation of tithes, the enfranchisement of copyholds, and the inclosure of commons, would alone have sufficed to place him in the very front rank of statesmen had he been born a lord instead of a yeoman; but probably had it not been for the yeoman's thews he would not have been equal to the executive portion of his labours. When he entered upon his work in the Tithe Office, Dr. Lonsdale tells us that he was generally at the office at eight in the morning, where he continued till seven at night, often taking home with him bundles of papers for perusal after an eight o'clock dinner. This was too much even for his herculean strength. It was no wonder if, after fasting thirteen hours at a stretch, after a light breakfast, he had little appetite for his dinner. For months the only sleep he got was about four or five hours out of the twenty-four, and this upon the sofa on which he lay down after his meal. Sundays were not exempt from work. He had on an average three hundred letters a day to peruse on business alone, and for years he read every document that came into or went out of the Tithe-office. Mr. George Taylor, one of his confidential clerks, relates that when the Inclosure Bill was passing through the House, Blamire called him one day at six o'clock, and told him to send word to his (Taylor's) wife, that he would be wanted at Lincoln's Inn at eight o'clock, and that it was uncertain at what time he would return home. At eight he met Blamire at Mr. Coulson's chambers, and then they worked at the Bill till half-past three. "I was then instructed," says Mr. Taylor, "to be at the office of the printers (Messrs. Hansard, Holborn) between six and seven o'clock with the corrected proof of the Bill. I went home to Chelsea, and returned to Holborn, and guess my surprise, when walking up the staircase of the printing establishment, to find Mr. Blamire coming down, who said, 'My dear sir, I thought you might oversleep yourself, so I have left my proof with the printer.'" This intense devotion to work would have shattered ordinary constitutions in a very short time, if indeed they could have borne it at all. Even in his case there can be no doubt that it materially shortened his life, and saddened its closing years with that terrible affliction, paralysis. Nothing gives a better idea of his indomitable character than the fact that even then he refused to give in; and when he could no longer wield the pen himself, dictated to an amanuensis. Looking back at the heroic efforts of such a life (none the less heroic because they were exerted in the prosaic details of a Government-office), and glancing, ever so passingly, at the immense social benefits which it effected, it is gratifying to think that the task of recording its story has been undertaken by a man so capable as Dr. Lonsdale undoubtedly is, not only of sympathizing with the stalwart virtues of Cumberland's "worthies," but of making them live again for us, as far as may be, in his pages.

ON THE BOULEVARDS.*

MR. JERROLD is a pleasant writer, and the sketches which compose these two volumes are worth reading. They have the appearance, however, or the flavour of being reheated dishes, and although there is nothing on the title-page to show that they are reprints, we are under the impression that we do not see them now for the first time. The interest of the books lies chiefly in the fact that they represent the metropolitan tone of Paris with great fidelity and sprightliness. The conceit of a Londoner for his own city is as nothing when compared with the intense conviction of the Parisian that Paris is the centre of everything, and the first in arts,

* The Worthies of Cumberland. (John Christian Curwen, William Blamire.) By Henry Lonsdale, M.D., Author of "The Life of Watson." London: George Routledge & Sons.

* On the Boulevards; or, Memorable Men and Things Drawn on the Spot, 1859-66; together with Trips to Normandy and Brittany. By W. Blanchard Jerrold. Two vols. London: Wm. H. Allen & Co.

science, and literature. Mr. Jerrold gives many touches of this characteristic, and he introduces us to a number of "notorieties" of which many of us have been hitherto ignorant. He descants upon the writers of those wonderful novels, at whose boldness we have not yet arrived, and which, although they seem to keep wholesome in their vernacular setting, when turned into English begin to make themselves as disagreeable as preserved meat when exposed to the atmosphere for any lengthened period. It is really difficult for us to understand how the adultery-romance never palls upon a Frenchman and never sickens the inventor. The latter, instead of resembling, as one might think, the creature who presides over a disgusting museum, is often a gentlemanly, witty, and educated man, who pursues his avocation without the least qualm of conscience or the least sense of moral responsibility. He regards his book as simply a piece of cunning craftsmanship designed to sell, and he never dreams of hesitating to put into it whatever will help that object. There is the tale, for instance, of "*Germinie Lacertaux*," written by the De Goncourts, and here epitomized by Mr. Jerrold, in which a very Morgue of horrors and evil passions is laid open to the reader. In a merely artistic point of view such a work is an egregious blunder. Satire and cynicism will cut deeper and more effectually when the handling is delicate as well as powerful. In "*Germinie Lacertaux*" the authors ostensibly wished to show vice in the dross and at its worst, to paint a picture unrelieved by a single sympathetic tint, to be consistent in representing humanity as nearly bestial as it was possible to venture. The heroine of the story goes from bad to very bad, and from very bad to the very gutter of degradation. She lives a life which was a prolonged insult to all decency, to say nothing of religion. What purpose is served by such a caricature? It is not even "terrible," as the writers intended it should be. There is something far more touching, far more deterrent, and far more awful in its significant suggestiveness in the picture of the little woman whom Thackeray depicted in "*Vanity Fair*." We cannot acknowledge brotherhood or sisterhood with *Germinie Lacertaux*. She is a monster and not of us, and what she goes through we cannot link with reality. Not so Becky Sharp; her viciousness is not a remove from the vice which we know is around us, and when the author called her into being it was acknowledged that his conception was correct and typical. French satirists of the Goncourts and Dumas *filis* order defeat their own design, if they have any other design than disposing of their works. Vice can be made too vicious, and the little governess, sitting on her bed and trying to hide a plate of broken meat and a brandy bottle, is a more effective picture than the deepest coloured illustration of woman's frailty by a Frenchman.

"A Taste for Glass Houses" gives an account of a strange passion for publicity which has seized upon our neighbours. Journalists and artists are the special victims of the rage, and according to Mr. Jerrold they do not at all object to being made "copy" of. In fact, they encourage it. Dumas is as proud of his cookery as he is of "*Monte Cristo*." His tastes, habits, and manners are duly chronicled by the industrious jackals whose business it seems to be to pick up the garbage of gossip. *Mlle. Rosa Bonheur* was so persecuted by the Paul Prys of the press that she was compelled to disguise herself in masculine clothes, and to deny her importunate visitors all admittance. If they did catch a glimpse of *Mademoiselle*, they would be unable to recognise her. We find here an account of the adventures of "*Peeping Adrien*" in search of the artist. After being refused at the door once—

"He was refused admission on his second application. The old servant remarked, '*Mademoiselle* has not returned. Sometimes she dines at Fontainebleau. Sometimes she goes off for a fortnight, without saying a word to me. You know how eccentric artists are.' Now a very young and simple *chroniquer*, *Peeping Adrien* tells us, would have given up the pursuit at this point. But *Adrien* was an old hand. He argued, if *Mademoiselle* has received the note, she has broken it open. He asked for its return. This was impossible. So *Mademoiselle* cried out, 'You must let in the intruder, who will disturb my solitude.' In walked the triumphant *Adrien*, and he was at once taking notes. He saw before him a little, frowning fellow, shielded from the sun by an enormous straw hat. Stooping, he observed a beardless, bronzed face, lit up by 'two brown eyes of ordinary size.' The nose was fine; the mouth large, showing 'in its hiatus' two superb rows of teeth. Long hair hung wildly upon the shoulders. The masculine figure said petulantly: 'Who are you? whence do you come, and what do you want?' The petulant one lifted his blouse and thrust his hands into the pockets of his grey velvet breeches. The hands were little, and so were the feet, albeit covered with rough, hobnailed boots, made of unvarnished calfskin. *M. Adrien Marx* observed that he was a journalist from Paris, who wished to see *Mlle. Bonheur*. 'Look at her then,' said the strange figure, lifting the enormous straw hat. *M. Adrien* at once observed that *Mlle. Bonheur's* hair was white, and that her coarse linen shirt was held together at the throat by two diamond studs. The lady now melted, and said, 'My dear sir, excuse me. You must understand the measures I am compelled to take to keep off the profane. I know English people who have travelled 500 leagues to see me, and who, after having stared at me at their leisure, have gone off without saying so much as 'Thank you.' If talent makes an artist a rare animal, it is not worth while trying to be one. You must understand, moreover, the loss of time. If you were writing an important romance, would you be pleased if an intruder came upon you in the heat of your subject, and loaded you with old compliments?' Here *M. Adrien* felt bound to make a feint of retiring; but *Mademoiselle* would not hear of it,

because he was of '*la grande famille*.' 'Besides, to-day,' the lady added, 'you'll not disturb me, for I am sheep-shearing!' Invited to witness this unsavoury part of farm labour, *Peeping Adrien* was told that if he did not like it the worse for him. 'I have got one half sheared,' said *Mademoiselle*, 'and if I leave him so he will freeze on one side and broil on the other, and that will hurt him.' Under the *chroniquer's* eyes *Mademoiselle* sheered seven of her flock!"

The second volume is not so readable as the first; and, indeed, Mr. Jerrold would have done wisely in leaving out the first two or three sloppy critiques upon pictures. Collected papers should be dealt with severely by the writers when they intend to make books of them.

THE FAMILY PEN.*

WHATEVER may have been the glory won by the achievement of "the family pen" in times past, the Taylor family have no reason to be proud of this its last achievement. Dull, dreary, and commonplace from beginning to end, the volumes before us call up no sympathies, excite no interest, supply no addition to the accumulating stores of literary, scientific, or general knowledge; and, insipid in form as well as in matter, they utterly lack those graces of style and those charms of manner which, like unfailing charity, never fail to cover a multitude of sins. For what purpose, we ask, are such books ever published? They cannot bring profit to either publisher or author, for they never sell; they cannot amuse or instruct the world at large, for they are too shallow for the one purpose and too silly for the other. We think, however, that we can read the motive that gave birth to these volumes in their very title. The Taylor family of Ongar, in the opinion of their kinsman, the Rev. Isaac Taylor, of Bethnal-green, has been distinguished for "literary activity for three successive generations." And our author, in the fulness of his family pride, is determined that the world shall know more of this important fact, and that it shall have abundant evidence of what such a family has already achieved in wielding the "family pen." The genius of the Taylor family of Ongar has exceptional advantages in such family chroniclers. The world is not blessed with such chroniclers or with details so copious and so minute respecting the family history of its greatest writers. Nowhere in the biographies of our greatest worthies can we find anything approaching to the fulness of incident which the "family pen" has given to the history of Taylorian genius. Who can complain of this? Surely, if "The Family Pen" can create literary fame, there can be no possible harm, but rather the reverse, if the "family pen" endeavours to build a lasting shrine for its idol. If the family tree of the Taylors is not distinguished for the fine flavour and high quality of its literary fruit, it can boast at any rate of its teeming abundance. Every branch of that tree seems laden with fruit, and, like the Sibyl's tree mentioned by Virgil, it produces gold, though no golden fruit, and loves to ventilate its foliage on the breeze. The first of the Taylorian race of authors who wielded "the family pen" was the engraver, Mr. Charles Taylor, the editor of "*Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible*," a crude, heavy, laborious work, remarkable only for the industry which was liberally wasted upon it, and remarkable for Dr. Kitto's justly severe condemnation. The brother of Mr. Charles Taylor was a clergyman, the Rev. Isaac Taylor, who not only dabbled in authorship himself, by publishing "*Scenes in Europe*" (a miserable and meagre production), but showed his taste and devotion to literature by marrying a lady capable of handling and doing justice to the "family pen," and accordingly Miss Ann Martin became Mrs. Isaac Taylor. We much prefer this lady's "*Family Mansion*" to her husband's "*European Scenes*." Important, indeed, were the issues of this union of author and authoress in the bonds of matrimony, whether such union was brought about by the bump of locality which was common, and clearly developed so strongly in the minds and writings of both, or accomplished by other mysterious means. The sons and daughters, however, followed the example of their parents, and took, of course, to the "family pen." How could they have done otherwise, with such blood in their veins? The sisters Anne and Jane cultivated the muses, and devoted themselves and the "family pen" to original poetry, chiefly for children. But Miss Anne did more for the family renown than her maiden sister, for she married a Rev. J. Gilbert, and left the world an author in the person of her son Josiah Gilbert, who wrote "*The Dolomite Mountains*." Isaac Taylor, the eldest of three brothers, we are bound to speak of with respect, from the great regard we have for his "*Natural History of Enthusiasm*," the only book that has, in our opinion, ever brought real honour to the Taylors of Ongar, though it is remarkable neither for extensive learning nor yet for striking originality. The son of this really distinguished Taylor is the editor of the volume before us, and the author of "*Words and Places*." Of Martin and Jefferys, the brothers of Isaac, we have only to observe that although Martin himself did not handle the "family pen," he nevertheless left behind him a daughter, Helen Taylor, who amply made up for paternal deficiencies in this respect, by writing "*The Sabbath Bells*." Jefferys Taylor, the youngest brother, sustained the family honours by his "*Ralph Richards*," "*Young Islanders*," and other literary productions, known to the family, and appreciated by them, no doubt, though not sufficiently

* The Family Pen. Memorials, Biographical and Literary, of the Taylor Family, of Ongar. Edited by the Rev. Isaac Taylor, M.A. London: Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.

appreciated by the world at large, which is so slow at discerning real merit of the highest order, except when it happens to present itself to the view from the commanding heights of eminent rank or of exalted position.

Such then is the genealogy of this family of authors, of whose memoirs, letters, and excerpts these two volumes are composed. A remarkable record, we must admit, of a remarkable family. The editor of this extraordinary work seeks to disarm criticism from any quarter by the following singular disclaimer:—

"But at this point I may fancy myself to hear a sarcastic caution from critics of the present time, warning me not in any such way to exaggerate the humble performances of a forgotten literary epoch, or to speak of small things as if they were great things. Great or small in the eye of modern criticism, books of any dimension that last long, and that go far—even the wide world over—may fairly be named without needing an apology. It so happens this very day, while I write, that an advertisement in the day's paper makes mention of new editions of books that had found their way into tens of thousands of families more than sixty years ago. Whether criticism be right or wrong in its verdicts, there must have been a principle of vitality; there must now be a substance—a moral force—in books that maintain their first *repute* over and beyond sixty years, and that, throughout this lapse of time, have been in favour wherever English is the language of families. There is no ground of boasting in this instance. The principle that has given this vitality to these little books is of a sort that removes them from the jurisdiction of mere criticism."

In the first place, such a plea as the foregoing, if a plea it can be called, can be only used in fairness on behalf of "naming" two, or at farthest three, out of no less than *ten* authors who have wielded the "family pen." The greater portion of the two volumes is really taken up with the dulllest of notices of the merest literary ciphers, and of the many pieces "which are little known," several of them being, as we are told, "long out of print," and one—a poem by Mrs. Gilbert—which now appears for the first time. "The early productions of Jefferys," continues our editor, "which are almost unknown to the present generation of readers, require, I believe, only to be brought forward, in order to obtain a greater appreciation than they have as yet received." In the next place, had Mr. Taylor contented himself with merely "naming" the literary productions of his ancestors, we think the literary world would have been more contented with his performance. Again, we utterly deny that a great popularity and an extended circulation has been accorded by the reading public to the productions of the "family pen" as a whole, or even to a third of them. But even if we grant that they enjoyed the greatest amount of success in their line, we have still to remind Mr. Taylor that such success happened at a time when even the most passable books were rare, and the most common-place author was a prodigy, and when especially suitable books for "children," of moderate pretensions, were almost an unprecedented novelty.

If the extensive sale of a book thirty or sixty years ago is to be taken as the standard of its excellence, and from this we are to draw a literary canon that shall override all criticism and place the book beyond the mere jurisdiction of criticism, what are we to say of *Walkingame's Arithmetic* and "*The Story of Cock Robin*," which in their time were also children's books of "immense circulation"? No work of the "Taylors," we imagine, can be compared with these two for extent of circulation, and yet will Mr. Taylor be consistent enough with his own theory, and demand that such books be placed "beyond the jurisdiction of criticism"? In our eyes, the success of a book as tested by its extensive sale and circulation is no fair test of its *literary merits*. It is notorious that many most excellent books have not been popular or successful, while, on the other hand, many successful books have little or no literary merit, and their success to the intelligent is literally a marvel and a problem. Lastly, we take still higher ground, and we contend that neither *de jure* nor *de facto* does the most unbounded literary or commercial success of any work put it "beyond the jurisdiction of criticism." Beyond all question, the poetry of Homer, of Shakespeare, and of Milton, of Pope, of Byron, and of Tennyson has called forth more criticism than the writings of all other authors put together—the inspired volume only excepted. If Mr. Taylor can bring himself to understand the twofold office of criticism, in sifting the merits and the demerits of literary productions, we think he would then come to see that it is the best and the worst of authors that are especially most amenable to the jurisdiction of criticism, as the one class has many merits to be tested, and the other has many demerits to be exposed. Can Mr. Taylor name any uninspired book that can be said to be beyond the jurisdiction of the critic? We will now leave our readers to judge for themselves of these volumes by two extracts, which are fair specimens of the prose and poetry of the Taylors of Ongar:—

"On whom first fell the amazing dream?
Watt woke to fetter the giant Steam,
His fury to crush to mortal rule,
And wield leviathan, as his tool!
The monster, breathing disaster wild,
Is tamed and checked by a tutored child;
Pond'rous and blind, of rudest force,
A pin or a whisper guide its course;
Around its sinews of iron, play
The viewless bonds of a mental away,
And triumphs the soul in the mighty dower,
To knowledge, the plighted boon—is Power!"

Hark! 'tis the din of a thousand wheels
At play with the fences of England's fields;
From its bed upraised, 'tis the flood that pours
To fill little cisterns at cottage doors;
'Tis the many fingered, intricate, bright machine,
With its flowery film of lace, I ween!
And see where it rushes, with silvery wreath,
The span of yon archèd cove beneath;
Stupendous, vital, fiery, bright,
Trailing its length in a country's sight!
Riven are the rocks! the hills give way,
The dim valley rises to unfelt day;
And man, fitly crowned, with brow sublime,
Conqueror of distance reigns, and time.

Lone was the shore where the hero mused,
His soul through the unknown leagues transfused;
His perilous bark on the ocean strayed,
And moon after moon, since its anchor weighed,
On the solitude strange and drear, did shine
The untracked ways of that restless brine;
Till at length, his shattered sail was furled,
Mid the golden sands of a western world!
Still centuries passed with their measured tread,
While winged by the winds the nations sped;
And still did the moon, as she watched that deep,
Her triple task o'er the voyagers keep;
And sore farewells, as they hove from land,
Spoke of absence long on a distant strand!

She starts,—wild winds at her bosom rage,
She laughs in her speed at the war they wage;
In queenly pomp on the surf she treads,
Scarce waking the sea-things from their beds;
Fleet as the lightning tracks the cloud,
She glances on, in her glory proud;
A few bright suns, and at rest she lies,
Glittering to transatlantic skies!"

Here is the speech of the Dying Year:—

"And yet I feel," said he, "more pity than indignation towards these unhappy offenders; they were far greater enemies to themselves than to me. But there are a few outrageous ones by whom I have been defrauded of so much of my substance, that it is difficult to think of them with patience—that notorious thief, Procrastination, for instance, of whom everybody has heard, and who is well known to have wronged my venerable father of so much of his property. There are also three noted pickpockets, Sleep, Sloth, and Pleasure, from whom I have suffered much, besides a certain busybody, called Dress, who, under the pretence of making the most of me, and taking great care of my gifts, steals away more of my property than any two of them."

"As for me, all must acknowledge that I have performed my part towards friends and foes. I have fulfilled my utmost promise, and been more bountiful than many of my predecessors. My twelve fair children have, each in turn, aided my exertions, and their various tastes and dispositions have all conduced to the general good. Mild February, who sprinkled the naked boughs with delicate buds, and brought her wonted offering of early flowers, was not of more essential service than that rude, blustering boy, March, who, though violent in his temper, was well-intentioned and useful. April, a gentle, tender-hearted girl, wept his loss, yet cheered me with many a smile. June came crowned with roses, and sparkling in sunbeams, and laid up a store of costly ornaments for her luxuriant successors. But I cannot stay to enumerate the graces and good qualities of all my children. You, my poor December, dark in your complexion, and cold in your temper, greatly resemble my first born, January, with this difference, that he was most prone to anticipation, and you to reflection."

JEAN INGELOW'S POEMS.*

MISS INGELOW brings a welcome gift in these her latest and so far her best poems. She is a singer in the truest sense of the word. She is neither Sapphic nor epic; she does not take her readers into the clouds upon a whirlwind of passion, or bewilder them in a labyrinth of emotional subtleties. There is clear, precise thinking, clear, precise language, and a sufficient fervour of expression. In saying this, the reader may be inclined to believe we have said all that could be said, but we have not. Miss Ingelow is not a poetess of the first order. She has neither the breadth nor the dramatic force of Mrs. Browning; but of Englishwomen who have written poetry we do not know one, with the exception of Mrs. Browning, who has written better poetry than Jean Ingelow.

Of the poems in this book the least valuable is the "*Story of Doom*." We must confess we found it a failure so far as its aim was directed. It is a dangerous thing to touch the Devil even in verse. Miss Ingelow's devil is, for all his cleverness, rather a comical devil than a terrible one. Diabolical machinery is very tempting, no doubt, but it seldom works smoothly. The sulphur, trap-door, and rumbling music do not succeed in deceiving us to a requisite degree of credulity. Then there is the slight disadvantage which Mephistophilean artists all now labour under of having come after Milton. The Satan of "*Paradise Lost*" was far from perfect in his badness, if we may use an apparently paradoxical phrase, but he was at least a consistent and an interesting fiend, true in every respect to the design of the master-hand who conceived him. The

* A Story of Doom; and Other Poems. By Jean Ingelow. London: Longmans.

antediluvian period is rather too much out of date for even a half-love-story, half-mystery play. Miss Ingelow makes Japhet neither more nor less than a sulky dog, who growls sadly when his whim is denied him. Nor do we think the better of Japhet when he makes a virtue of necessity and marries the woman his mother selected, after bullying her and the rest of the family to the top of his bent. There is nothing heroic in his figure, bearing, or talk, as depicted in the "Story of Doom," nor do we imagine he resembled his distant original closer than the Quakerish personage in the top-coat who fits with his brothers Shem and Ham into the popular child's toy. We have a theory that poets with the best intentions may damage the Old Testament quite as much as Dr. Colenso.

Again, in order to get another unpleasantness out of the way, we must object to "Laurance." To say nothing of its resemblance to Mr. Tennyson's manner and system, the tale itself is forced and the sentiment unnatural. Laurance is rather a woman's pet ideal, than the true realistic ideal whom a poet might raise into poetic shape. No man could love in spite of the odds put against him in "Laurance," and if a man could, our disgust for his want of self-respect and true pride would prevent our sympathy. We should mention, however, that both in the "Story of Doom" and in "Laurance," there are some passages for which we readily forgive Miss Ingelow her lack of judgment in choice of subject. What is specially admirable in Miss Ingelow is her knowing when to stop. She completes a picture and has done with it. You are not tortured with endless variations on the same theme, which merely serve as instances of intellectual dexterity. Miss Ingelow can use Turner's colours without falling into Turner's mistiness. She observes a golden reticence when once the spell is cast over you. Some versifiers, when they have tumbled on a charm, dissipate the scene which has appeared at the words by continuing a clumsy jabber of their own characteristic inspiration. Not so the true poet. He or she will no more interrupt the poetic image, than a well-bred man will break in on the silence he knows to be the choice of his companion.

With reference to the shorter poems, we can recommend them as pure draughts from the Heliconian spring. If an indolent reviewer may confess to a little personal weather influence, the writer charges himself with reading those delightful verses under the shade of green trees, with the noises of the summer noon-tide, the purring of wood-pigeons, the hum of bees, and the pleasant jangling of chimes falling on the air from a distant campanile, colouring, as it were, the thoughts in the book, and making an accompaniment to the unsung music of the pages. In such a mood may these poems be read, but they will bear a colder and less congenial atmosphere. How delicate, subtle, and perfect is this:—

"And all the world about,
While a man will work or sing,
Or a child pluck flowers of spring,
Thou wilt scatter music out,
Rouse him with thy wandering note,
Changeful fancies set afloat,
Almost tell with thy clear throat,
But not quite—the wonder-rife,
Most sweet riddle, dark and dim,
That he searcheth all his life,
Searcheth yet, and ne'er expoundeth;
And so winnowing of thy wings,
Touch and trouble his heart's strings,
That a certain music soundeth
In that wondrous instrument,
With a trembling upward sent,
That is reckoned sweet above
By the Greatness surnamed Love."

We do not want to despoil the little work, which we would be sorely tempted to do, if we were to take from it extracts of all the poems with which we were pleased. In the season of bad and worse verses, through which we have just passed, this book came as a welcome relief, and we feel a debt of gratitude to Miss Ingelow, which we cordially wish our readers would help us to discharge by acquainting themselves with her poems as quickly as possible.

THE SCIENTIFIC PERIODICALS.

THE *Geological Magazine* contains several articles of interest and importance, and is in this respect and in its number of illustrations a more than average number. The Rev. F. T. G. Bonney, M.A., opens the number with a record of his observations on the traces of "Glacial Action near Llandudno." He describes very carefully the general geological contour of the upper parts of the Great Ormeshead and of the carboniferous limestone extending from the village of Rhos to the Little Ormeshead, and shows that these localities bear undeniable evidence of having been at one time portions of a large ice-field. He attempts to give an idea of the chronological order in which the chief phenomena of upheaval and depression occurred. Looking upon the leading form of the limestone-hills of the district as the result of both upheaval and denudation, he considers that, subsequent to these operations, the whole of the district was depressed. The summits of the low rock-islets thus formed, became capped with ice-fields, which in some parts evidently descended as glaciers into the sea. "After the deposition of the uppermost bed of clay there must have been considerable denudation either from the action of the retreating sea or currents in shallow water." This Mr. Bonney believes to have been followed by a period of depression, in which the mussel-beds were deposited, and finally there was the upheaval which produced the

present state of things. In an article on the "Shells discovered among the Ruins of Pompeii," Mr. R. Damon tells us that there is a collection of shells in the *Museo Barbonico* of Naples, procured from some Pompeian ruins. It is remarkable that the specimens, though buried for nearly 1,800 years, are in a perfect state of preservation, and are some of them identical with those now inhabiting the Mediterranean. Still more strange is the fact that some of them belong to other faunas, and must have therefore formed part of a Pompeian collection. The writer inquires whether they belonged to a local natural history society, or were classified and arranged by Pliny? Mr. T. Belt describes "Some New Trilobites from the Upper Cambrian Rocks of North Wales," and Mr. Mackintosh gives an account of some peculiarities of rocks in south-east Devon, which he considers to be due to pholas-borings. These contributions are not, however, of striking interest. Mr. Maw's paper on the "Distribution beyond the Tertiary Districts of the White Clays and Sands subjacent to the Boulder Clay," is the second part of an article referred to in our last notice. A hyena den, from which numerous interesting specimens were obtained, has been discovered near Laugharne, in Carmarthenshire, and is described in a short communication by Dr. H. Hicks. "Perforate and Imperforate Brachiopoda" is the title of an article by Mr. Davidson, which will doubtless be very carefully read by those interested in the discussion which has recently taken place between Professor King of Galway and Dr. Carpenter. Mr. Davidson coincides with Dr. Carpenter, but is disposed to accept Mr. Meek's recent explanation of the difference in opinion between Dr. Carpenter and Mr. King to wit, that the species of *S. cuspidatus* examined by the Galwegian geologist is somewhat different from the shell usually so styled. Indeed, this seems to be the cause of all the controversy. Both Dr. Carpenter and Mr. King were correct; the one in alleging that the true *S. cuspidatus* is not punctate, and the other in asserting with equal confidence that the specimens examined by him showed distinct perforations. Thus the matter ends. It is a good illustration of the necessity for caution in the diagnosis of species.

In the *Quarterly Journal of Science* we find an able summary of the sanitary influence of water, by Dr. Frankland. The article is a long one, and deals with the important question of supply and impurity. Dr. Frankland thinks that the water of the Bala Lake, which some of our engineers propose to supply future Londoners with is infinitely purer than that now taken from the Thames. Much stress is laid upon the danger of taking water from wells, owing to the frequency with which such sources become contaminated by the foul exhalations or exudations of neighbouring sewers or cesspools. Too much, however, cannot be said on this point, and we think the following case, which Dr. Frankland relates, gives the pith of the whole evidence of the propagation of disease by well-water. On the 18th of August last, a family from London went to reside at Upper Marine-terrace, Margate. On the evening of August 26th, a heavy thunderstorm visited the town and an unusually large quantity of rain fell. The hot water that was brought to the bed-rooms the next morning emitted a peculiar smell, and a glass of cold water was turbid and had an unpleasant taste. The water was supplied by a well at the bottom of the garden. During the ensuing night four of the inmates of the house were simultaneously attacked by choleraic diarrhoea, and during the following day several others. Two of those attacked during the night died on the evening of the next day. The waiting-boy, who was quite well at noon, died of Asiatic cholera before midnight, and a lady died on the 1st of September following of the same disease. Three other inmates of the same house returned to St. John's Wood, London, immediately; but they were all attacked by Asiatic cholera. One of them died on the 1st of September, another two days later, whilst the third recovered. This illustration deserves to be recorded with those of Epping Forest and of the Broad-street attack. Dr. Frankland thinks that filtration of water is not an efficient safeguard, and that boiling is also useless. Still he admits that filtration through animal charcoal removes much of the organic impurity, and may therefore be advantageously employed. He says nothing of the remarkable deoxidizing power of the magnetic oxide of iron, which has been found by recent investigations to be one of the best filtering media. Dr. Heaton's paper on "Food as a Motive Power" shows much careful thought, and though we cannot agree with the author's conclusion that the blood-currents indirectly develop muscular power by developing electric currents, still we grant that the explanations of muscular action now in vogue are extremely unsatisfactory to any one who has paid attention to physiology. Why does not Mr. Heaton modify his theory in accordance with the views long since laid down by Dr. C. B. Radcliffe? The two hypotheses have a good deal in common. The paper on Annelids is simply a sketch of the general character of worms, but is well compiled; and the article on the "Application of Sewage to the Soil" is written by one who is more desirous to see a good work achieved, than capable of demonstrating the means by which it can be done. We thoroughly sympathize with his purpose, and we admit the force of the sewage theory. We have only one doubt, and that refers to the possibility of devising a scheme equally beneficial to the householder, the husbandman, and the public health.

The *Journal of Botany* gives us the first thoroughly scientific contribution published on the subject of the "bogey" some time since started by the *Lancet*—the *Chignon-gregarine*. Dr. Beigel, after whom Herr Küchenmeister has named the parasite *Pleurococcus Beigeli*, gives us some admirable sketches of the hair-parasite, and shows that the plant is of the Alga (sea-weed) type, and is not, as has been popularly supposed, a fungus. He enters into some details of a controversy which has taken place with Dr. Fox relative to priority of discovery, and advances letters from the chief continental authorities in proof of his own claim to be considered the first in the field. These we commend to the attention of those interested in such matters; we cannot deal with them. The article on "Weeds and their Characteristics," by Dr. Seemann, is full of curious facts, and was suggested, the author states, by an article of Dr. Hooker's in the *Popular Science Review*. It treats of the various conditions under which weeds thrive or become extinguished, are crushed out or destroy other forms of

vegetation. The remaining papers are good, and the number is more generally attractive than usual.

The first paper in the *Intellectual Observer* is upon the subject of a "Cameo of the Emperor Augustus in the Blacas Collection," and is illustrated by a very handsome and effective coloured plate. The author, Mr. Thomas Wright, discourses pleasantly and instructively on the history of cameos, both as works of art and as therapeutic agents, and the archaeological reader will follow his descriptions with much satisfaction. The specimen which especially forms the subject of the essay originally belonged to the Strozzi Collection, and this, we are sorry to learn from Mr. Wright, is all that is known of its history. It is a sardonyx, and is of an oval form, about five inches long by three wide. "The ground or layer of the stone out of which the head rises is of a fine russet colour, which throws the engraving into very delicate though rather low relief. A head of Medusa appears to form the shield, which covers the breast. Augustus has a band or fillet round his head, on which are set four precious stones, an emerald on the left, and following it in their order towards the right, a sapphire, a topaz, and a ruby, and round the figure in the middle are arranged four very small diamonds." In "Chemical Aids to Art," Professor Church demonstrates the necessity for an acquaintance on the part of artists with the chemical nature of those materials which are employed in painting frescoes. The author has had some practical experience, and he gives his readers its results. Mr. A. R. Wallace writes on the "Philosophy of Birds' Nests." His remarks offer another proof to naturalists of his wonderful power of observation, and his vast experience as a student of nature. As we might have expected, Mr. Wallace denies that birds build their nests by that very indefinable faculty called "instinct," and he advances arguments which we fancy the old school of psychology will find it hard to get over. He is thoroughly materialistic, but he is logically accurate in his general conclusions. He does not doubt the possibility of proving the existence of true instinct in other ways, but in the case of birds' nests he cannot find a particle of evidence to show the existence of anything beyond those lower reasoning powers which animals are universally admitted to possess. The articles on the "Propulsion of Vessels," on "Sun-viewing and Drawing," deserve to be read.

The *Popular Science Review* has a varied bill of fare. Dr. J. E. Gray contributes the first article, on "Venus's Flower-basket" (*Euplectella*), the curious sponge of the Philippine Islands, concerning which so much controversy has lately taken place. The paper is accompanied by two plates, one a life-size representation of the "flower-basket," and the other, illustrative of its microscopic structure. Dr. Gray supplements his observations with an epitome of the views of other naturalists, and concludes that the animal is undoubtedly a silicious or flinty sponge. Mr. Proctor, in an article on "Jupiter without his Satellites," calls attention to the remarkable fact that, on the 21st of next month, the planet Jupiter will appear for about an hour and a quarter without his satellites. The curious astronomical conditions on which the appearance will depend are thoroughly explained in the text of the article, and by the illustration accompanying it. "Fitzroy Weather Forecasts" is the title of a paper which ought to be read by all who are anxious to see the Admiral's storm-warnings re-established. It was only on Monday last Colonel Sykes called the attention of the Government to the matter, and the subject deservedly excites much interest. Mr. Chambers goes into the question fully, and not only shows how the "warnings" were deduced, but proves that their re-employment would be attended with the greatest benefit to the nation. Dr. W. Hardwicke tries to unravel some of the knotty points of statistic laws, on which the principle of life insurance depends; but though he adduces facts which are worthy of notice, we cannot say that he has done much to elucidate the difficult subject he has undertaken to popularize. Mr. S. J. Mackie's description of the new electro-magnetic machines, which are intended to be employed in developing electric light for our lighthouses, is technical and tolerably correct; we wish, however, that the author's style was simpler, and his sentences less entangled. The plate in illustration of the article does more to explain the new apparatus than the multitude of professional expressions in which Mr. Mackie has indulged. Very different is the article on the "Botany of a Coal-Mine," by Mr. Carruthers, of the British Museum. In this the writer gives an outline of the character of the fossil vegetation found in, and which has contributed to form, our coal measures. He gives a history of the various blunders made from time to time by geologists in grouping several plants together as parts of one specimen, and shows how difficult is sound induction in geology. The plate in illustration of this paper contains drawings of the typical plants of coal. The usual reviews and summary of scientific papers during the quarter complete the number.

Those who are fond of discussing the vexed question as to the existence of ghosts should read an article by Dr. Patterson, in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*. It deals comprehensively with the subject of "illusions," and while it contains numerous instances, it attempts to explain them on rational principles.

The *Medical Mirror* contains a remarkable paper on "Remedial Measures."

In the *Journal of Cutaneous Medicine* (quarterly) will be found an admirable monograph, by Mr. Erasmus Wilson, on "The Pathology of the Skin," and a singular paper on "The Nerves of the Integument," by Dr. J. Morris.

Besides several articles on novel and attractive microscopic subjects, the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science* contains one paper which deserves the attention of physiologists; it is upon the "Metamorphoses of the Tadpole," by Mr. W. Whitney, M.R.C.S.

We have also received *Hardwicke's Science Gossip*, the *Artisan*, &c.

SHORT NOTICES.

Social Reform in England. By Lucien Davesies de Pontès. Translated by the widow of the author. With appendices by the translator. (London and New York: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.)—The late M. de Pontès was one of those Frenchmen, now happily more numerous,

who devoted themselves to a study of our Government, institutions, and social conditions. His work, "*Études sur l'Angleterre*," is well known in France, a large portion of it having originally appeared in the pages of the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*." The second edition of that work, of which the volume before us is a translation, was largely augmented both by new matter, and the addition of appendices. The criticism of a foreigner is always valuable, but most especially so in the case of so impartial an observer and keen-sighted a critic as M. de Pontès. Having first made the social institutions of his own country his study, he possessed peculiar qualifications for the task of examining our own. Whether he writes upon our "dangerous classes," prison discipline, pauperism, or political parties, he brings both special knowledge and judgment to bear upon each subject. The most important chapter, however, in our opinion is that on "Woman in England." It is a complete history of the various social phases through which women have passed in our country. At the present moment, when the subject is attracting so much attention, we should like to see it reprinted in a separate form. When Madame de Staël was asked by Napoleon how he could best improve France, she replied, "educate the women." M. de Pontès carries on this answer, and tells us in what way they both in France and England should be educated, and how their grievances in the latter country should be redressed. And though we have made a great advance since the day that William of Normandy beat Matilda of Flanders black and blue until she consented to be his wife, yet there lingers still in our laws much of the old feudal spirit, which for the same offence commanded the husband to be hung, but the wife to be burnt.

Individual Liberty, &c. By Index. (George Vasey.)—This is a stupid, impudent, and silly book, which has not the merit even of being decently printed. The author undertakes to refute Mr. Mill, and he does so by confounding himself in every paragraph. From the concluding sentence we are inclined to think that "Individual Liberty" has been written by a bailiff. The writer talks of "tapping" Mr. Mill on the shoulder. If Mr. Mill knocked him on the head—to use his own figurative language—he certainly would not discompose the brain of such a creature as Index. What the object of the brochure was it is impossible to surmise. We doubt whether it could be perused even by a publisher's reader, and it is plain that the printer's reader broke down under the effort, and allowed the misspelling of the author to remain uncorrected until it was exposed under the head of errata.

Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest. By Agnes Strickland. Abridged edition. (Bell & Daldy.)—The authoress has epitomized her larger work, and in this edition is presented the characteristic biographical tone of the original book. Miss Strickland's work is so well known and appreciated, that we need not comment upon it here.

Our Constitution: an Epitome of our chief Laws and System of Government. With an Introductory Essay. By Alexander Charles Ewald, F.S.A. (Warne & Co.)—A handy reference book like this is of service, although, in the main, the requirement it satisfies was supplied by the "*Political Cyclopædia*." The information is very complete for an epitome, and is brought down to the latest facts which bear on the different subjects treated.

A Practical Dictionary of the German and English Languages. By the Rev. W. Blackley, M.A., and Carl Martin Friedländer, M.D., Ph.D. (Longmans.)—One of the most unthankful and yet most deserving of tasks is the production of a good dictionary. Mere copies of preceding works, with all their errors and omissions, are easily enough made. Until the appearance of the dictionaries of Spiers and Tarver, a few years ago, there was, strange to say, no good dictionary of the French language for Englishmen. For a hundred years and more all professed new dictionaries were only copies of preceding ones. Until 1840 the right French equivalents for such common words as waistcoat and trousers, viz., *gilet* and *pantalon*, were not to be found in any English-French dictionary. German dictionaries have always been better than most others, but even these we have found very defective in very ordinary words. We gladly, therefore, give encouragement to any one who produces a conscientious dictionary. A really honest lexicographer deserves the highest praise. We have therefore pleasure in bearing testimony to the excellence and genuineness of the present dictionary. It has evidently been carefully prepared, and although not cumbersome, contains all that a student of German requires. Both parts, the German-English and English-German, are written especially for English people, which is not usual, but quite right, we think, for a dictionary published in England.

The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. By James Boswell. With illustrations by Julian Portch. A New Edition. (Routledge & Sons.)—We are glad to find this book brought within the reach of every one. The present edition is published at an exceedingly low price, and is got up somewhat in the style of the *Globe Shakespeare*, with the addition of some excellent illustrations. The type is necessarily small, but beautifully clear and distinct.

We have also to acknowledge:—*The Fatherhood of God and its Relation to the Person and Work of Christ and the Operations of the Holy Spirit*, by Charles H. H. Wright, M.A. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark);—*Words of Comfort for Parents bereaved of Little Children*, edited by William Logan, with an Introductory Historical Sketch by the Rev. William Anderson (Nisbet);—*The Complete Reader. Book III.—The Exemplar of Style*, by E. T. Stevens, A.K.C., and Charles Hole, F.R.G.S. (Longmans);—*Transactions of the Loggerville Literary Society* (Russell Smith);—*The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit*, by Charles Dickens, being the second volume in the "Charles Dickens" edition (Chapman & Hall);—*Practical General Continental Guide to France, Belgium, Holland, the Rhine, Germany, Tyrol, Switzerland, Savoy, and Italy*, by "An Englishman Abroad" (Simpkin & Marshall);—No. 20 of *Odds and Ends*, "A Tract on Twigs and on the best Way to Bend them," by the author of "A Tract for the Times" (Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas);—*Mrs. Brown's Visit to the Paris Exhibition*, by Arthur Sketchley (Routledge);—*Uncle Tom's Cabin, a Tale of Life among the Lowly*, by Harriet Beecher Stowe, with a Preface by the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle (Routledge);—*God's Commandment according to Moses, according to Christ, and*

according to our Present Knowledge (Trübner);—No. 241 of *The Colonial Church Chronicle, Missionary Journal, and Foreign Ecclesiastical Reporter* (Rivingtons);—No. 23 of *The Church Builder, a Quarterly Journal of Church Extension in England and Wales* (Rivingtons);—Part XL. of *A Dictionary of Chemistry and the allied Branches of other Sciences*, by Henry Watts, B.A., &c., "Sulphur and its Compounds" (Longmans);—Part VI., *Journal of the Institute of Actuaries* (Charles & Edward Layton);—*Sacerdotalism in the Church of England*, by Baptist W. Noel (Elliot Stock);—*The Ritualism of Churchmen and the Duties of Dissenters* (Elliot Stock);—and *Popular Guide to South-Eastern Railway* for July.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

WE are glad to be able to record a sensible act on the part of M. Victor Hugo. He has returned to Paris, after an absence of more than fifteen years, and has been seen sitting in front of the Café Felix, in the Place Napoleon III., in company with an old friend and fellow-labourer. The motive which has induced this visit to his native country is said to be the desire to see his play "Hernani," as revived at the Théâtre Français—a very natural desire, though it is a pity that he did not choose some rather more exalted occasion for abandoning the melodramatic attitude of defiance to tyranny which he has now ostentatiously maintained for a long while. When the general amnesty was passed, he was free to return to France without any conditions, excepting, of course, the implied condition that he should not seek to disturb the existing order of things. He has preferred hitherto to make a grand pretence of independence in the Channel Islands, and has only thought better of his resolution in order to justify what, however legitimate it may be, can only be described as a species of harmless vanity. Nothing can be more childish than to keep up the airs of a martyr when nobody wishes to hurt you; and we are therefore glad to find that Victor Hugo has relinquished his folly and seen his play.

M. de Sainte-Beuve, one of the most eminent of French reviewers, and a writer in the *Constitutionnel*, has had the good sense to refuse to fight a duel with M. Lacaze, a member of the Council of State, on account of a speech delivered by him in the Senate on the 25th ult. To Baron de Heeckeren, who brought the challenge on the part of M. Lacaze, M. de Sainte-Beuve replied:—"I am not disposed to accept, in such a matter-of-course way as you seem to suppose, this summary jurisprudence which consists in choking a question and killing a man in forty-eight hours. I will even frankly confess that, amongst the many friends on whose friendship I count, there are not two, not even one, who is an adept in this method of arms. In general, my friends are men of thought, men of the pen, and of discussion. This does not mean that they are men less resolute, or men of less honour, but that they are not 'doctors of arms.'" In a second letter, addressed to M. Lacaze himself, M. de Sainte-Beuve writes:—"I recognise as the only competent judge, the public—the entire public—everybody—that somebody who has more intelligence than any individual, and as much honour as any one—an honour which is not 'the point of honour,' and which has common sense on its side." It is a pity that French journalists do not oftener act after this fashion when in the presence of bullies and fire-eaters.

The directors of the Philadelphia Library Company have published a report in which they give account of the circumstances attending the restitution to this country of the five volumes of MSS., consisting of official correspondence relating to Ireland, and of the reign of James I., which had been presented to the library in 1791. These volumes were evidently part of the series preserved here in the custody of the Master of the Rolls; and Mr. Hepworth Dixon, when at Philadelphia last autumn, pointed out this fact to the directors, who at once determined to place them in the hands of Lord Romilly. This graceful and well-felt act was acknowledged by the British Government in terms of great cordiality; and, in doing so, the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury requested the acceptance by the directors of the Philadelphia Library, for deposit in that institution, of a complete set of the *Chronicles of Great Britain and Ireland* during the Middle Ages, and of the *Calendars of State Papers*, as well as of the several fac-similes made by the process of photozincography, and published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. The report concludes:—"The magnificent gift, consisting of 156 volumes, all handsomely bound in Levant morocco, was received on the 6th of May last. The books are of the highest interest to the jurist and the antiquary, and of great intrinsic value. The directors did not fail to return thanks, through the Master of the Rolls, to her Britannic Majesty's Government for the very liberal return which it thought proper to make for a simple act of restitution performed by the directors."

Of making many Magazines there is no end. We are threatened with a deluge of new monthly periodicals, and how we are to read them all becomes a serious consideration. The Messrs. Tinsley now announce *Tinsley's Magazine*: an Illustrated Monthly, conducted by Edmund Yates. The first number will be published on the 24th inst., price one shilling, and will contain the opening chapters of "The Adventures of Dr. Brady," by W. H. Russell, LL.D., the Special Correspondent of the *Times*, and of "The Rock Ahead," by Mr. Yates. The prospectus states:—"With the view of especially commending itself to lady readers, a portion of the contents of *Tinsley's Magazine* will be devoted to articles on dress, &c., contributed direct from Paris, while every number will contain, in addition to the illustrations, an engraved Plate of the Latest Fashion." We are also threatened with a Ritualistic Magazine, to be called the *St. Alban's*, and to be edited by one of the clergy of the notorious St. Alban's Church, Holborn.

Some amusing specimens of the odd spelling of English by Kosciuszko are given by the *New York Times*, which says:—"The publication of the map of West Point, made by Kosciuszko eighty-eight years ago, will reveal the Polish patriot in a new light, that is to say, not only as an excellent topographer, but as execrable in the matter of spelling English. His amusing letter, which accompanies

the plan, describes it as a 'ruff map,' with buildings 'for the fourage,' the 'steeble,' the 'artillery barrack,' the 'bumpove for fifty men,' and so forth. The letter also alleges that the 'carpenters complained about the provision that he have not enof; he beg your honor to allow them more bred.' This is almost as bad as Artemus Ward. However, 'rough' and 'enough' are stumbling-blocks for any foreigner, both to pronounce and spell, and, besides, we have had a century's revenge, in spelling Kosciuszko's name without the s."

Some recent additions to the MS. collections in the British Museum are mentioned by a contemporary. These are—1. A service-book, c. 1500, of German origin, in which is inserted cuttings from an illuminated volume of "Virtue and Vices," of probably Neapolitan origin, of about two centuries earlier date. 2. A fine example of probably Provençal Art, made for a member of the Saluces family, 1470, and containing, among other noteworthy pictures, representations of funeral games and a procession, price £130, bought at the Yemeniz sale. 3. A very early copy of "The Book of the Chase," by Phœbus, Count de Foix, c. 1400. 4. A small Bible (French), with beautifully illuminated letters of rare quality and unfrequent character.

A collection of rare and valuable books and manuscripts, from the libraries of Sir Thomas Gage, Bart., and other amateurs, has just been sold by auction at the rooms of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, & Hodge. They realized £3,928. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Quaritch has on view at his first-floor rooms, 15, Piccadilly, some curious selections from the Yemeniz Library, lately sold by auction, at which he was the largest purchaser. The collection consists of illuminated MSS., books printed on vellum, books of early wood-engravings, and "Horn" of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries from Germany, France, and Italy.

A paper on "The Unpublished MSS. of Samuel Taylor Coleridge," by Dr. C. M. Ingleby, was read at the last meeting of the Royal Society of Literature. From this we learn that there is good reason for supposing that several of the poet's compositions not yet given to the world are extant in the private collections of either his relatives or executors, but that, for various reasons, it is not probable that these papers will be printed for some years to come.

The Earl of Orford has purchased for his library at Waltham the fine collection of illustrated books on Great Yarmouth, which formerly belonged to Mr. Charles J. Palmer, of that town.

"The Olde Usages of the Cite of Wynechestre that haveth be y-used in the Tyme of oure Elderne," an ancient roll of the fourteenth century, has been lent by the Corporation of Winchester to Mr. Toulmin Smith for his volume on "Early English Gilds" for the Early English Text Society.

The French papers report the death of M. Ponsard, the celebrated dramatic poet, and translator of Byron's "Manfred," which took place on Sunday evening at Passy, after a long and painful illness. He was in the fifty-third year of his age, having been born at Vienna, in the department of Isère, in 1814.

Mr. J. Heneage Jesse again returns to the much-debated subject of Hannah Lightfoot in the last number of the *Athenæum*, and, in a long communication, accumulates facts and arguments in favour of the conclusion that such a person really did exist, and that George III. was associated with her in the manner generally supposed.

The *Athenæum* records the death of Mr. John Rutter Chorley, a writer in its columns, and an authority on Spanish literature, especially of the drama.

It is said that Mr. Hepworth Dixon has been offered the honour of knighthood, and has refused it.

A memoir of the late Sir Robert Smirke is being prepared for the Institute of British Architects, and will probably be read at one of the ensuing meetings of that body.

The Queen of Spain is said to be writing a work on the "Happiness of Nations," on which topic her subjects will probably be curious to know what are her Majesty's ideas.

We have received No. I. of the *Stationers' Circular*, a journal devoted to the chronicling of new inventions and novelties of a commercial character. It appears to be intended for a monthly, and will doubtless be useful as a record of mechanical improvements.

Dr. James York will shortly publish a translation of the whole of "Count Lucanor; or, the Book of the Knight and his Counsellor," showing the excellent advice which Patronio gave his Lord, conveyed in fifty pleasant stories, and how Count Lucanor followed it and prospered. Written by the Prince Don Juan Manuel.

The Rev. H. Mansell, of the Indian (Methodist) Mission, has made an abridgment in the Hindostanee language of Watson's "Life of Wesley."

Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. are about to bring out, in one volume, an account of an Arabian journey by Mr. W. Gifford Palgrave, to be edited by his brother, Mr. F. T. Palgrave.

"Une Femme bien Élevée" is the title of a new novel by Emile Bosquet. It is a psychological work, displaying great penetration and knowledge. Adrienne Daubenay, who is the heroine, is a type of the result of the present education of women.

A periodical has appeared in Turin called *Bollettino Bibliografico*. It is a sort of international literary review; is written in Italian, French, German, and Spanish, and has for its object the announcement of artistic and literary publications which appear in Italy and other countries.

We may recommend to visitors to the Paris Exhibition a book which has been lately brought out by CH. DELAGRÈVE & Co., called "Les Curiosités de l'Exposition."

We draw the attention of classical scholars to two somewhat important philological works which have just appeared in Italy—"Storia della Letteratura Latina sulle Tracce di Francesco Fickler," by Vincenzo de Castro (Monza, Tipografia e Libreria Corbetta, 1865); and "Storia della Letteratura Latina," compilata da Cesare Cantù (Firenze, Felice Le Monnier, 1864).

Musicians will find some facts likely to interest them in a memoir just published, which has been presented to Marshal Vaillant, Minister of the Fine Arts in France. It is entitled "De la Situation des Compositeurs de Musique et de l'Avenir de l'Art Musical en France."

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Anderson (W.), and Tugman (W.), *Mercantile Correspondence in Portuguese and English*. 12mo., 6s.
- Aunt Margaret's Trouble. New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
- Bayley (E.), *The Christian Life*. Fcap., 3s.
- Beeton (J.), *Vegetables: How to Cook and Serve them*. Fcap., 1s.
- Blunt (Rev. J. J.), *The Reformation in England*. New edit. 18mo., 3s. 6d.
- Books for the Country.—Angling. By R. Blakey. New edit. Fcap., 1s.
- Braddon (Miss), Rupert Godwin. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1 11s. 6d.
- Cassell's Handbook of Drawing-room Magic. Fcap., 1s.
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THE IRISH CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.

At a Meeting of the Executive Committee of the SOCIETY for the LIBERATION of RELIGION from STATE PATRONAGE and CONTROL, held July 5th, 1867, it was

RESOLVED—

I. That the Debate in the House of Lords on the 24th of June, on Earl Russell's motion for a Commission of Inquiry into the nature and amount of the property and revenues of the Established Church in Ireland, and the assent of Her Majesty's Government to the appointment of such a Commission, with other circumstances of recent occurrence, indicate the near approach of the period when Parliament will feel itself compelled to deal with the grievance inflicted on Ireland by the maintenance of a Protestant Establishment in the midst of a Roman Catholic population.

II. That the opinions expressed in such debate, as well as on other occasions, by influential statesmen, further indicate a wish on their part to attempt to mitigate that grievance by modifying the internal arrangements of the Establishment, and, more especially, by appropriating a portion of its property to the endowment of the Roman Catholic clergy, and of other religious bodies in Ireland.

III. That, in the judgment of this Committee, the policy involving this and kindred projects is uncalled-for, inadequate, and mischievous:—

1. *Uncalled-for*—because it has been declared by leading prelates and laymen of the Roman Catholic Church that its clergy desire no such endowment.

2. *Inadequate*—because, while unadapted to the wants and feelings of the Irish people, it would fail to destroy the root of the existing evil, viz., the political predominance of the Church of a small minority of the population.

3. *Mischievous*—because it would create a precedent for appropriating public property to ecclesiastical uses without subjecting the expenditure to the control of the State; because it would have a tendency to intensify existing sectarian bitterness; and because it would involve such a national recognition of conflicting religious tenets as would be injurious to the morals, and to the religion, of the country.

IV. That the Committee regard the suggested policy with the greater repugnance, because its adoption is urged, not so much in the interest of the people of Ireland as in that of the English Establishment, the existence of which, it is alleged, would be imperilled by the abolition of the Establishment in the sister country; and, further, because of the growth of a conviction in the public mind that the evils arising from State interference with religion require the abandonment, rather than the extension, of the existing system.

V. That, for these reasons, the Committee deem it to be of vital importance that there should be no delay in the adoption of measures which may so influence public opinion, and especially the action of the constituencies at the next General Election, as to ensure the defeat of any such design, and to hasten the adoption of the only effectual substitute—the disestablishment of the Church of England in Ireland, the impartial disendowment of all religious bodies in that country, and the application of the ecclesiastical property of the nation to national and unsectarian purposes.

WILLIAM EDWARDS, Chairman.

J. CARVELL WILLIAMS, Secretary.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that an extraordinary

Meeting of "The Submarine Telegraph Company between Great Britain and the Continent of Europe," will be held on Tuesday, the 16th day of July, 1867, at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, in the City of London, at One o'clock, to consider, and, if approved, to adopt resolutions which will be submitted to the Meeting, for authorising the Company to lay down a new line of Telegraphic communication between England and Belgium, in accordance with the convention entered into between the Company and the Belgian Government, and for increasing for that purpose the Capital of the Company, by the further amount of £35,000, in addition to the present Capital of £265,000, by the issue of £35,000 Stock, on such terms and conditions and at such times and in such manner as the Meeting may determine.

By Order of the Board,

S. M. CLARE, Secretary.

58, Threadneedle-street, London, 4th July, 1867.

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